



## Apartment for rent





# 樓下的房客

← Apartments for rent  
九思 (Jiushi) 著

lang="en">

# Apartment for Rent - Chapter 00-12 Part 1

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# Prologue

## Prologue

Some people say, that the true human nature is only revealed when he or she is completely alone.

When nobody else sees you, what you do then is your real nature.

For example, an outstanding elementary school student, if he would secretly pile stones on top of the rails after school, then he is in fact a bad boy.

Another example, a gangster who often beats old people on the street, if he always remembers to buy a few meat buns for the homeless dogs, then he could be a good guy from heart.

I can't agree.

If the true human nature can only exist when one is completely alone, then how could this version of one's self, which is never be revealed to anyone, truly exist? Can your true self continue to wilfully exist as long as you agree?

Just a couple days ago, I thought one's true self required other people's approval.

There was a Japanese movie banned from Taiwan theatres called "*Battle Royale*", basically the story is about a bunch third year middle-school kids from the same class who then got trapped by some crazy military on an abandoned island. After giving them weapons, they were forced to kill each other till last man standing, as the last remaining survivor was allowed to leave the island. If not, once the three days limit was reached, every necklace armed with bombs pre-planted on them will all explode.

It was quite predictable, those supposedly good friends started killing each other, swords, guns, and it was a bloody mess. So I thought, anyone who watched till the end would agree that the true human nature only exists when people interact with each other. When someone is pointing a gun at your face, when you swing your sword at them, and when another guy rush out and throw a grenade at you, that is how they vigorously confirmed each other's true human nature, the weakling who fell would never agree that the other person was a good guy.

In that moment, who would even care if you were the kindest person in private when you are the one standing right in front of me threatening my life.

Therefore, whether one's true self truly exist or not when one is completely alone is irrelevant. What is important is that, everyone needs time to be alone, because being alone lets someone discharge those energies that he or she doesn't want to discharge in front of the others, doesn't matter good or bad. Because everyone has those moment when they don't want others to participate, like when they are pleasuring themselves with their mouths, or when they prostrate themselves in front of the toilet contemplating why they forgot to flush the toilet the day before, or when they are wearing their wives wardrobe and make-up singing Karaoke on the sofa *etc.* If you have to say that the private version of one's self is their true self, I doubt anyone would agree.

Being alone is just a way to recharge, so that when they do interact with other people, they could perform better.

That is how I came to understand later, that one's true self simply does not exist.

Depending on the interaction, one would show different version of one's self, which is the reason why the human nature is so difficult to understand. Is human truly formed by something called truth? If not, it must be formed by different kind of truths, or perhaps, truth is just another illusion, everything is a lie.

Different type of person creates different type of truths...

Like in that movie "*Battle Royal*", with that kind of cruel interaction, you can forget about any bright human nature, while if you look at the warm and fuzzy movie called "*Pay it Forward*", it would be hard to imagine any bad guys running around in that film.

What a mess.

Sometimes even I can't convince myself.

If one's true self truly exist, it has to be as sturdy as iron, not something that would just change on a whim.

Hence we are all actors, constantly playing a different role, in each role we show a different version of ourselves, but if you have to say that one is real and the other is not, you would simply be dishonest and overly-idealistic, also pointless.

**That is why I installed the peep-holes.**

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# Chapter 1 – Admitted Tenants

## “Apartments for Rent”

# Chapter 1 – Admitted Tenants

Everyone has a dark side.

If you claim that you don't have one, then you are simply not being forthcoming, or perhaps you have yet to encounter what will bring out your dark side.

Three years ago, I inherited this old apartment house from my heirless uncle. The building is over thirty years old, not including the rooftop it has five floors, and it also has an old but simple lift installed since my uncle became a cripple after the car accident.

I would be lying if I said that I wasn't happy inheriting this apartment house without so much as lifting a finger. Even though its location is a bit far away from the bustling eastern sea villa district, it is only three minute walking distance from the cheap dining district, and five minute on bike will get you to the high-class restaurants at the international street.

Getting an apartment house without effort is always a good thing. At the very least, it lets a lazy middle-aged guy like me appear to have achieved something, no longer a useless bum.

So I sold my uncle's old Mercedes and borrowed a couple hundred thousands from the bank in order to renovate the house. I added toilet and bathroom to couple of the apartments, put in some more beds and painted the walls *etc*.

I decided that no matter what, I have to rent out my apartments, that way I will be able to live out the rest of my life on the rent I collect. I have always envied those who lived a care-free life collecting rent, now it is finally my turn.

After the renovation, I managed to clear out several bathroom suites, two on the second floor, two on the third and two on the fourth, leaving the fifth floor to myself. First floor is the drawing room and the public kitchen, on the rooftop we have a wash machine and place for people to dry their laundries. If I can get five thousand a month for each apartment, my monthly income will be thirty

thousand, which is more than enough. The thing is though that I don't want to be doing anything at all. At most I will help out with some repairs, changing some light bulbs and perhaps learn a trick or two on how to press the tenants for rent.

Unfortunately, not sure if it is the apartment house looks too old or nobody out there needs an apartment right now, no matter how many rental posters I put up, I wasn't getting any replies. I even got fined for the ones I put up on the electric poles. In the end I ended up paying for an ad in the newspaper, but still no one showed any interest.

Other than being disappointed, I could only try to lower the rent, from five thousand to four thousand, then from four thousand to three thousand five hundred, but still, nobody replied.

Is this old apartment house cursed or something?

I sighed in defeat, perhaps it wasn't the right place, or perhaps the economy was really as bad as the opposition claimed. Either way I decided to lower the rent to three thousand.

However, these greedy tenants will have to sacrifice a little bit of their personal life as compromise.

The peep-hole cameras have cost me a fortune, in the corridors, in the lift, every room has one. I connected the cameras to the TV in my room, facing my bed. I plan to use their private performance as my bed time entertainment program, all part of the rent.

If you ask me if I feel guilty about it, I'll have to admit yes, perhaps a little, but my inspiration came from my uncle.

When I first inherited this building, I found a hidden camera embedded in the walls inside the room of the maid working for my crippled uncle, and its signal goes straight to the little TV hanging on top of his bathtub.

Perhaps it is all genetic; uncle's choice of entertainment has piqued my

interest. I blame it on our family genes.

So I put up the new ad on the electric poles, waiting to interview the potential tenants.

As expected, many came for the interview; I carefully examined each and every one of them, weighing the degree of interest of their lives and their potential for putting up a good performance. I took each of them into the room and explained to them the rules for living here, evaluating the way they talk, and the way they act.[\[1\]](#)

I rejected a prostitute.

The more she tried to hide the scent of her powder, the more certain I was.

I didn't want to peep on some mechanical, shallow love-making. The kind of sex you can buy with money should just be bought with money. That is all it is worth. There is no need to waste time digging a hole in the wall.

To put it bluntly, I can get more kicks out of an adult film; I can even pay for an escort myself.

I also rejected several students wearing huge glasses. They reminded me of something I hated most. I have no intention at all of finding out what kind of dark secrets these supposedly hard working, hoping one day to become the pillar of our society type of kids, would have when nobody else is watching.

Because I know all too well, how boring they are from head to toe, the only change to their lives is the change of their roster, and occasionally the change of assignments.[\[2\]](#) I do not want to waste one out of six opportunities hoping to prove myself wrong.

Can't have those who look like an addict either, sooner or later they will cause

problems.

If they have a seizure and die on my bed, the whole neighbourhood will talk. It will make it even harder for me to rent out the apartments. And if the police decide to search my apartments for drugs and shit, who knows, they might even find my peep-holes. I will definitely go to jail for that, or even get accused for being a drug dealer.

Most importantly, those drug addicts would make other tenants feel uneasy, I can't let them affect other people's performance.

The first one I accepted was a performer, a single parent father with a six year old girl, Mr. Wang. He and his daughter live on the second floor, most likely it has something to do with the existence of paedophilic tendencies in my genes, or perhaps out of sympathy, plus Mr. Wang was willing to pay off half year's worth of rent.

Miss. Chen was the second tenant I accepted. She is a thirty year old office worker. I decided to accept her the moment I saw her, because she was very pretty, having the right curves in the front and back, just talking to her makes me hard. I hope she would take her boyfriend home on a regular basis.

She chose to be Mr. Wang's neighbour on the second floor, claiming that she didn't want to have to climb the stairs, also being closer to the kitchen on the first floor was nice too.

Old man Zhang has quite a humour, and that is why I accepted him. He is a forty year old bachelor, a two time divorcee who is currently working as the PE teacher for the nearby national elementary school. We seemed to get along really well, and I even let him treat me to a meal on the day of the interview. I can't wait to know his other side.

Old man Zhang lives on the third floor, on top of Miss. Chen.

Two homosexual guys live on the opposite end of Old man Zhang.

They came to the interview together; they didn't try to hide their sexual preferences, probably because they knew that even if they managed to fool me, it would only make me angrier when I find out and kick them out later, so might as well tell the truth.

Their worries were unfounded, I don't discriminate when it comes to that, and in fact I'm intrigued as to how a homosexual couple live. I have watched some gay porn videos before, but there wasn't any plot what so ever, just two sticks poking at each other, it wasn't very interesting.

Perhaps they can expand my horizons.

Fourth floor, right below me, lives a soft beauty.

Why did I choose soft to describe her you ask? Because she speaks softly, she walks softly and even when she laughs she does it softly, giving me a faded feeling, as if this girl is made of water.

I found her to be very plain when I first saw her on the day of the interview; no make-up on her face, her skin was so pale I could see the arteries underneath. I kind of liked her, so I let her stay.

A second year student from the nearby TungHai University lives opposite to the soft beauty, his name is Bo Yan, currently studying business management.

I can tell that he is not the serious type, a little bit crazy even. On the day of the interview he did his self-introduction in rap with his headphone on, all the while shaking his loose pants non-stop. He is definitely the type who will become a burden on society.

Even though I can't imagine a trash like him would suddenly become a hard working boring book-worm in private, I didn't find him interesting, so I declined. He was so shocked that he immediately took off his headphone and pled, saying that he would pay me five hundred more every month.

Given how cheap the rent was.

I thought about it, and I took the deal.

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[\[1\]](#) Original wording means “their involuntary reactions”.

[\[2\]](#) Original wording means “change of study plans”.

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## Chapter 2 – Principles of Peeping

### Chapter 2 – Principles of Peeping

Peeping is something very interesting.

I think, most of the illegal stuffs are probably very interesting. Activities prohibited by law all seem to share this trait. It's just that these activities often come at the cost of someone else.

However, peeping is a very peculiar form of crime, it doesn't cause anyone any harm.

Well, as long as the victim doesn't realize it.

Invasion of privacy has often been mentioned when it comes to peeping, but having your privacy stolen from you will only cause harm when you find out about it. Unlike money, when it is stolen, you lose them.

Privacy on the other hand has a fixed value.

Therefore it is a peeping-tom's duty to protect the one being peeped on, and making sure that the one being peeped on never finds out about the fact that he or she once performed in front of another without reservation. This way, privacy becomes a way of sharing, never to be tainted by another.

In other words, those who sell DVD's with secretly recorded footages of couples making love in the hotel or girls changing their underwear in the locker room are truly despicable beings. They have shamelessly merchandized other people's privacies, inducing rage, shame and mental breakdowns from their victims.

These kind of shady businessmen are the real criminals.

If you believe my logic to be flawed, well, I'm not in a moral position to refute. After all, I wouldn't want to share my privacy or my true self for that matter,



with someone else.

If there are only two types of people, the type that peeps, and the type that gets peeped on, I rather be the former.

It is also the reason why I haven't gotten married yet even though I'm already thirty five.

Marriage is the complete destruction of one's private self. A person will never again be whole, but broken.[\[1\]](#)

I believe that the lack of the dark corner where one can safely discharge their energy is the main cause for most of the domestic violence or infidelities, Old man Zhang is an example of that.

On the day of the interview, old man Zhang told me open-heartedly that he has had a fetish ever since he was young; he loves to drink expired milk. But his marriage broke that fetish of his, he felt so ashamed that he never dared mentioning it to his wife. After holding it in for so long, the imposing Old man Zhang finally lost it one day, breaking his wife's nose as a result.[\[2\]](#)

What has old man Zhang's wife ever done to him? She probably wouldn't even mind old man Zhang drinking expired milk.

After their separation, old man Zhang couldn't accept the fact that he needed to be alone, he decided to secretly keep a supply of expired milk under his bed, expecting to discharge his negative energies that way. But one day his new wife found the dozen bottles of expired milk under the bed and threw them away. Old man Zhang lost it again, breaking his new wife's jaw this time.

So now old man Zhang lives alone, he finally gets it.

"Mr. Landlord, I hope you don't mind me drinking expired milk, haha." Old man Zhang laughingly spoke during dinner.

"Not at all, if my milk expires, I will make sure to keep them for you." I answered with a smile.

If a person needs to be alone and needs to have his/her privacy, then I have to

respect that from my tenants. I will definitely not keep a record of the secrets I saw or sell them as DVD's.

It is my duty to help them keep their secrets, because their secrets do not belong to me.

Only then, can I turn on my TV and peep on my tenants with a clear conscience.

“Yo.”

Sitting in the drawing room on the first floor, I sent my regards to Mr. Wang who was about to take his daughter to the child-care. He politely gave me a nod, and then went out of the door carrying his daughter's bag pack.

Mr. Wang is a quasi-terrorist on the verge of moral collapse, a secret that only I know about. Perhaps not long from now, his daughter will know of it as well.

For the past half month I have been coaxing Mr. Wang's daughter to bed together with Mr. Wang in front of my TV<sup>[3]</sup> while bearing witness to the strange happenings after that. Underneath the blanket, Mr. Wang would often caress his daughter's elegant long hair with one hand, while pulling down his pants with the other, then touch himself.

I couldn't believe my eyes when I first saw it, so I tried to get a better look by zooming in. The only thing I saw was the tormented and hesitant look on Mr. Wang's face, his eyes grew wider and wider as he stared at his daughter's delicate features. I wasn't sure if he was struggling against the ethics of the situation or he was about to climax.

I think that there is a man living in my house who is struggling to keep his humanity from falling into a dark pit, and that man is about to do something unforgivable.

Based on the principles of peeping, I cannot call the cops, I must respect his secret. Then again, I was very interested in the process of Mr. Wang's devolution back to the beast. After all, it was a part of the reality you can't see on TV.

I will wait eagerly in front of the TV and bear witness to what is to come.

After I finished my rather simple breakfast on the dining table, I went back to my room on the top floor. I decided to turn on the TV and watch Miss. Chen's battered face as she brushed her teeth.

While bleary-eyed Miss. Chen tried to comb through her hair, her tall and muscular boyfriend hugged her from behind, playfully poking her rounded ass with his firm toy. Miss. Chen laughed back in derision, pointing at the clock. But that man ignored her protest as he took her to the bed and forced himself on her. Only till Miss. Chen grudgingly wiped her lower body clean, did that man let go. With a huge smile on his face, he then started to put on the suit he took out from the closet. Finally the two decided to walk out together, but not before they gave each other a long winded kiss.

I really wish I could listen to Miss. Chen's moans, unfortunately my peep-hole cameras did not come with voice recording, perhaps I should upgrade them one day.

The secret of Miss. Chen is not her graceful body, nor her ability to put up all kind of sexual poses. Her secret, which I discovered within a week, is that she has two boyfriends, one is tall and muscular, and the other is a lean scholar.

However, Miss. Chen doesn't seem to take her secret seriously. Even though she brings her boyfriends in and out separately, she doesn't try to hide them from us. Probably because she knows that we are all grown-ups, and won't gossip in front of her boyfriends.

Next I switched the channel to the room of that university student without prospects.

He didn't sleep the whole night; with his headphone on, he sat in front of his pc shooting stuff till dawn, so naturally, he was asleep at this time. Even though he only had classes on Wednesday and Thursday, given his reversed living schedule, he still skipped classes regularly without a care in the world.

Peeping on him in the morning is completely pointless, not that he is more interesting in the night. He is either shooting at some random stranger with

some fictional guns or jerking off. Not to mention he made a complete mess of the room I rented to him, entire floor of empty noodle cups and cum filled toilet papers. Only when there is no room left to avoid the trash on the ground, does he clean up everything in one go.

So I quickly changed the channel to that of the gay couple.

At this hour one had already left, the other was lifting some dumbbells on the bed.

The gay couple was surprisingly normal, even the way they had sex, only the positions were sometimes different. I saw nothing that really shocked my beliefs or any of those urine and shit combined sex techniques. Besides, they would often just hug or kiss then go to sleep without doing anything, just like any other boy girl couples out there. Looks like I was right to not harbour any prejudice, peeping can sometimes accidentally teach you things.

The older one of the gay couple is called Guo Li; he works in the nearby Eastern Sea University as a physics teacher. The younger one has a wuxia-esque name, LinHu QiuBai.[\[4\]](#) He is the manager of the convenience store chain across the street. When I asked about his name, he told me that his father was a Jin Yong fan.

This couple doesn't always spend the night together, they have their separate homes. This is more like their cheap motel, the love nest. LinHu is here more often, Guo Li a bit less.

Finally I switched the channel to the soft beauty downstairs, she was still asleep. I took a look at the watch, she probably will be for another one and a half or two hours, half past ten is her usual hour.

The soft beauty is called Zhang Ying Ru; she is a professional writer and probably not a very successful one, why else would she live here.

Ying Ru often sits on her bed writing on her laptop for several hours at a time. She then only leaves her bed when she needs to go to the bathroom, make coffee, or pick up snacks. Except for dinner, when she actually goes out to get

something decent. Sometimes she would come back carrying some magazines or some other new books in her hands, adding to the pile of magazines and books already sitting on top of the little table beside her bed.

Ying Ru would stop writing after nine in the night and turn to her big pile of books. On average she finishes one every two days; she would even make notes on them with a coloured marker. I'm not sure whether she really loves reading, or if it's part of her work; either way, I respect her reading habits a lot. She is truly a plain and simple girl.

And thus, peeping on Ying Ru often turns out to be quite lacklustre as well. At best, I'll be learning some new coffee making techniques.

Yawn... I turned off the TV.

Old man Zhang has already left while everyone else is still asleep, he has to train the track team from school. If I switch to his room now, the only thing awaits me is his tedious furnishings and entire floor of expired milk bottles.

He is truly and completely liberated.

I know old man Zhang likes to peep as well. He never told me about it, only the expired milk part.

It is understandable.

The evidence of his peeping fetish is found on the voyeur footage DVD's inside his DVD player, and the high magnification telescope in his closet.

Every day, before old man Zhang takes a shower after coming home from work, he would always watch some of his voyeur footages recorded on the DVD. They are filled with all kind of footages, some real voyeur, some fake. When the night dawns, old man Zhang would open his window, set up his telescope and peep on nearby neighbours for anyone conducting open window sex with the patience expected from someone studying the moon.

Yes, even though Old man Zhang and I both share the same interest, we are still not the same.

The things I like to peep on is all forms of interesting self-performances, but

the things old man Zhang likes to see is anything that has to do with sex. It doesn't necessarily mean I'm better than him, just that his taste lacks variety.

As I turned off the TV, I lay down on the bed not sure what to do next.

Perhaps I should switch out the old tenants for new ones, once every six months, or even three months, only keeping the interesting ones.

Then I closed my eyes, thinking about the two movies related to peeping.

The first one is called "Sliver". In this movie, the male lead spied on the female lead, and due to his knowledge about her daily life, he knew exactly what she liked and what her interests were. He then created a different version of himself, and designed many seemingly coincidental opportunities for him to meet her, causing the female lead to helplessly fall in love with him.

Perhaps I should follow his example, and see if there is the possibility to make some sweet love with Miss. Chen, or perhaps make the simple Ying Ru fall in love with me.

Another film is called "The Truman Show", that one is a classic, I watched it many times.

I feel really sad for the male lead in the movie, but the sad part about his life is not that he involuntarily gave up the entirety of his interesting life, but the fact that he went on to expose the secret on his own till he finally arrived in front of the audience who knew everything about his entire life. The most interesting part about this movie is that the director of the show has arranged everything in Truman's life, his house, car, wife and practically everything else, even the things he wants in life. It was brilliant.

I lay leisurely on my bed, considering the lives of those downstairs.

We were probably lucky to have met. Coming together and live under the same roof require some luck. Who knows, perhaps we will get to live together for many more days to come, except that deadbeat student of course.

Maybe, they are fated to be my second family.

I smiled, there are so few whom I can call family, or else I wouldn't have

inherited this house from my uncle. Every time I'm having that thought, I can't help but contemplate how much my life is really worth.

I have never been to another country, never had any real job, never finished school, and it has been many years since I last had some sort of family dinner.

I have never accomplished any of my dreams.

I mean obviously I won't be accomplishing any of my dreams.

How many people really do make it to become a director?

Not to mention my interest lies in watching the movies, directing is just something I tell myself. If anyone ever asks about it, I simply tell them that it was just my wishful thinking.

As I stared at the pitch-black TV-screen, a thought suddenly popped in my head.

Perhaps, I can consider the tenants my closest families.

Or perhaps,

Actors.

But I will no longer be a quiet audience; instead I will be a talented director.

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[1] Original wording means "crooked".

[2] Original wording means "Turning his wife's nose into a steamed bun".

[3] No mistake here, the MC is basically sitting in front of his TV, pretending to be a part of the experience, doing things vicariously, yes it is creepy.

[4] His name is a combination of the names of two characters from Jin Yong's "The smiling, proud wanderer".

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# Chapter 3 – Gone Mental – Part I

## Chapter 3 – Gone Mental

### Part I

A good actor will always try his/her best to fulfil a director's request.

A good director, quite often also a good screenwriter, based on the qualities of his actors, will always make sure to put up a good show. Therefore a good director must have patience, which is why Wong Kar-Wai's "2046" took so many years and is still in production.

From now on, I must observe each tenant's qualities from a completely new angle, and most importantly, I must find out what kind of potential they may have underneath their daily lives.

So what kind of potential do they have?

And how many new possibilities will that potential lead to?

I'm not a psychiatrist, and in fact I know nothing about psychology at all. Which means, in order to fully understand the potential hidden underneath their daily lives, I must go one step further.

I have to be able to listen; I have to be able to see more.

During the short period of time each tenants spent outside, I took the keys and opened the door to their empty apartments. First I installed the newly bought listening devices behind the power plugs located in the corner of their rooms and inside the fire alarms located in every hallway. I tested them and the quality was acceptable. Then I hid the new movable pinhole cameras in the corner of every living room, bedroom and hallway, which greatly increased my viewing angle.

Next I went to the electronic store[\[1\]](#) and bought myself eight second hand TV-screens. This way I don't have to keep switching channels in order to check in on my tenants. Now I can even see inside the lift at the same time.

An empty notebook is of course a must; I can only imagine what kind of exciting graffiti I will find.

And so it begins.

“Hey, little angel!” [\[2\]](#) Miss. Chen often greeted Mr. Wang’s daughter that way.

At first, Mr. Wang who lived next door would always remind his daughter: “Tang Tang, call her sister Chen”. But it didn’t take long before the girls become more intimate with each other, because Miss. Chen often bought Mr. Wang’s daughter gifts, sometimes it is the toys from the McDonalds, and sometimes it is the left over snacks.

Whenever Miss. Chen’s two boyfriends weren’t coming over and she was in a good mood or bored out of her mind, she would always welcome Mr. Wang’s daughter into her room with great enthusiasm. Whenever she did, they either watched TV or ate snacks, often for hours at a time. Mr. Wang never once tried to politely refuse, but from what I saw, Mr. Wang was definitely not happy about the fact. My guess is that it has something to do with Miss. Chen having two boyfriends. It must have left him a bad impression.

“Xiao Rou, I want to try your pretty mouth tonight.” As Miss. Chen’s muscular boyfriend laughingly unbuckled his belt. She simply gave him a seductive look and locked the door behind her.

His sexual desire is about as strong as he is possessive. Sometimes he would even lie next to her, listening in on her phone conversations.

He then pushed her head down, dropping her to her knees, with her office uniform still on. The moment her pink tongue softly wrapped around her boyfriend’s phallus, I took off my pants as well.

Across the hallway,

“Father, why does Miss. Chen have two boyfriends?” His daughter asked curiously while showing a playful smile.

“Be good and go to bed, you will understand when you grow up.” Mr. Wang

gave his daughter a frown as he hurried his daughter to bed. While he tried to coax his daughter to sleep, Miss. Chen's excellent tongue work had already made her boyfriend let out the first moan.

I immediately lowered the volume, because a guy's moan would make me go soft.

Mr. Wang had the same problem; he was clearly not comfortable.

His hand formed a big bulge underneath the blanket, hesitating.

How long will he continue to hesitate, months? Or Years? As I stroked my shaft, I couldn't help but wonder about Mr. Wang's complex state of mind.

After all, for someone like me, committing a crime is not an impulsive or unthinkable act.

The need to commit a crime is in fact a very predictable mental state.

"Hey there, Mr. Wang! Let's get together sometimes and chat!" Old man Zhang often spoke with too much courtesy whenever he met his peer, Mr. Wang on the stairs, acting to be friendly, but the introverted and quiet Mr. Wang would never respond with anything more than a wry smile, knowing that old man Zhang was only trying to be polite.

Whenever he comes back from work, Old Man Zhang would always cling to his dinner and sit in front of the telescope, searching for his next prey. But good prey is hard to find, and more often than not, hidden behind the closed curtains. That is why once he finishes with his dinner, he would either jerk off watching his voyeur footages or secretly open the door and see if there is anyone in the hall way. If the coast is clear, there is about thirty-six percent chance he would stuff his telescope into his backpack and smuggle it above me onto the rooftop, so he can spy on the people below in the streets.

Quite a ballsy move, in the end, the rooftop is the public place where everyone dries their clothes. Anyone can appear at any time.

And quite a few times, I have interrupted him on purpose.

“Yo! Mr. Zhang! Are you drying your clothes?” I casually walked my way to the rooftop, pretending to be exercising.

Despite the slight nervousness showing on old man Zhang’s face, his tone was surprisingly steady: “Hey! Are you exercising? I’m birdwatching.”

“What kind of birds are there in a city like this?” I replied while stretching my legs, pretending to be disinterested in his hobby.

“Good question, I hope I could go visit the countryside one day, instead of trying to find what isn’t there. So far I have only found one or two birds here and there.” Old man Zhang continued on pointlessly while quietly adjusting the angle of his telescope couple degrees higher.

“Indeed, the air is badly polluted in the city.” I blurted the words out without much thought and began with the exercises facing towards the sunset.

And so old man Zhang just stood there staring at the sparrow sitting on top of the electric pole through his telescope. Half an hour later, I waved at him and said my farewell, leaving him a bit of time to openly spy on people.

In the end, old man Zhang cares a lot about his appearance. I don’t want to suppress his dark side for too long and get on his nerves, or he may lose control and start pummelling me with his fist.

A good director must understand his actor’s feelings, and know how to keep the emotion of his actors in check.

As a twenty year old student, Bo Yan is an incredibly dull person.

And he is even suffering from a disease called “Hopelessness”.

“Hurry use the nunchaku! Hohohahi! Hurry use the nunchaku! Hohohahi!” One time Bo Yan walked past me in the hallway while twitching rhythmlessly with his headphone on.

“Why would I use the nunchaku?” I tapped on Bo Yan’s shoulder and asked.

Bo Yan gave me a frown and continued on with his spastic movements.

And again I asked, this time without his headphone, “I said, why do I need to use the nunchaku?”

“Hohohahi! Hurry use the nunchaku! Hurry use the nunchaku!” Bo Yan rambled on merrily waving his finger in front of my face drawing strange symbols. I could only pretend to have understood.

So there I was, standing at the end of the hallway, watching Bo Yan disappear into his room like a monkey. The kind of annoyance he made me feel was the kind the words cannot describe.

Is it because I got kicked out before I finished my study? Am I jealous because he endlessly squandered his youth?

I can't be bothered to analyze it any further, though I do very much enjoy disrupting Bo Yan's life.

Sometimes you have to accept the kind of person you are. Even when you are one of those bad guys who base their happiness on someone else's suffering, you know the type that ends up in jail at the end of a movie and gets ganged upon by another group of bad guys, even so you must accept, secretly if you have to, and then do it. Because everyone has a place in this world, it is your duty to play out your part.

Bo Yan likes to jerk off, very much so. Jerking off three times a day has left him with very little motivation to study.

I understand why he and his left hand got along so well, because this waste of a student could never find a real girlfriend. I once tried to zoom in to the max and I found that he would always put both of his feet up on top of the desk before he rapidly stroked his junk and shot his load towards the faces of Ochiai Yukie, Ozawa Madoka, Kawashima Azumi or some other Japanese porn stars.

That was the only thing I couldn't tolerate, I couldn't stand the fact that he and I both jerked off to the same type of girls.

“Knock knock, knock knock!” I knocked lightly at the door, with my arms akimbo.

The sound of stuff being knocked around soon came from inside the room.

“Knock knock, knock knock, knock knock!” I kept on knocking and laughing hysterically on the inside.

Bo Yan abruptly opened the door, pretending nothing out of the ordinary had occurred. But he was nothing like old man Zhang, his face was like that of some first time murderer whose car has just been tolled away with a dead body still stuffed in the trunk.

I cleared my throat and smiled: “Nothing important, just wanted to ask if everything is to your liking?”

Bo Yan was a bit confused, but he quickly replied: “Everything is fine”.

Fucker, can’t you at least show some gratitude? Didn’t you know that I wanted to charge you five thousand a month at first?

Anyways, I put up a smile again: “Is there anything that needs to be improved?”

Bo Yan was getting impatient: “Not really, except, perhaps if the rent was cheaper.”

I nodded slightly and laughed: “I will think about it”. Then I patted on his shoulder and said: “Let me know if there is anything else you need.”

After that, I left. I could hear Bo Yan shutting the door.

Once again I sat down in front of the TV-screen, staring as Bo Yan jerked off. Counting the time, the brat usually needs about three minute forty seven seconds on average, though it depends on the porn star. The one he is looking at right now is the new girl, Milk Ichigo. His average record for her is about four minute and eight seconds.

It won’t be long now, as I zoom in on Bo Yan’s computer screen. I know Milk Ichigo is about to receive her milk, (Because I have seen that video before) but Bo Yan would always finish a few seconds later.

Immediately I picked up the phone and dialled his number,

Leaving only the “call” button not pressed.

Bo Yan’s hand moved faster and faster. Milk Ichigo had just received her milk. Holding out both of her hands, she slowly spit it back out on top of her palm.

Bo Yan’s back jerked back and forth more intensely, and I pressed down on the call button.

Bo Yan suddenly shivered in front of the screen, but it wasn’t the kind of shiver he made when he climaxed, it was the kind when he was in shock.

Bo Yan stared at the phone angrily, and slammed down on his desk. “Bang!”

“Hey, it is me, Landlord.”

“What?”

“I just wanted to ask, because I couldn’t figure out why I needed to use nunchaku for the life of me; I mean, what for?”

“.....”

“Well?”

“It was a song, you know, Jay Chou’s song.”

“Oh, really? Is he new? I’m totally out of the loop.”

“.....”

Bo Yan hanged up.

I watched with satisfaction as Bo Yan collapsed on top his bed, trying desperately to finish what he started before he fell asleep.

That boy really did have a hard time jerking off today.

The gay couple living downstairs of Bo Yan had a very good rapport with the other tenants, which was completely different than what I expected.

I first thought Guo Li and Lin Hu would only come here if they needed a secret place to consummate their love, probably because they were afraid of being found out by their families. But they didn’t treat this place as their cheap motel,

especially Guo Li; he greeted everyone he met, the complete opposite to the mannerless, hopeless Bo Yan.

“Feel free to have some.”

The older one of the two, Guo Li would often buy some drinks or pastries, leaving them on the table in the drawing room together with a note. He surely knew how to win favours. Even inside the fridge, we would often find buckets of ice cream marked with milk chocolate numbers together with a note saying feel free to dig in. Old man Zhang obviously waited till the milk chocolate was about to expire before he candidly brought it all back to his room.

Even though Guo Li is already over forty, his skin is well cared for. Given his intelligent and well-groomed face, together with a generous salary and a job of high social status, a university professor, I'm sure he is well respected amongst his peers. Through the few times we talked, I have learned that he is in fact married and has children, though his family does not know his sexual preference.

“I completely understand why you need to hide the truth, sigh, people always have things they don't want others to know, even family.” I said while drinking the beer Guo Li bought.

“I'm not trying to hide it on purpose.” Guo Li smiled with his slightly wrinkled eyes: “I like men, but I like women as well, love is simply love, gender doesn't matter.”

“Well said! That makes so much sense, how come I never thought of it this way?” Old man Zhang smacked on his leg as if he had come to a big revelation. But I knew for a fact that this kind of talk did not interest him in the slightest, he just liked to pretend.

“Able to receive the love from two different genders is not a virtue, nor is it a sin for that matter.” Guo Li smiled. Even the way he drank beer was gentlemanly, nothing to be scoffed at.

“When did Lin Hu and you first meet?” I asked because these were the things you couldn't find out by listening in on their daily conversations.

“A long time ago, he was my student.” Guo Li stopped there, showing an



awkward smile, unwilling to elaborate any further.

“I see! Teacher and student love eh! That was unexpected! Unfortunately I’m teaching the elementary school! I’m not as lucky as you are!” Old man Zhang spoke loudly. I couldn’t believe the bullshit he was spouting.

Lin Hu sat quietly on the side the whole time looking at the socially adept Guo Li, showing occasionally a satisfied smile.

Lin Hu is only twenty seven, with broad shoulders and a well built body. I see him in his room exercising all the time, for hours on end. Sometimes when I feel like it, I would even follow his movement and do exercises with him. I mean who doesn’t want those six-packs.

I can understand why Lin Hu is so eager to maintain his body. It is a qualification, a necessary condition in order to be eligible to be taken care of.

“Teacher.”

Lin Hu laid naked against Guo Li's underbelly as he read while slowly caressing Lin Hu’s beautiful skin. Whenever he slid his nail across Lin Hu’s body, Lin Hu would tremble uncontrollably in excitement and whenever he pinched Lin Hu’s rear, Lin Hu would laugh like a happy groundhog.

Speaking of groundhog, Lin Hu’s eyes really do look like a groundhog’s. They are really big. I could almost see the reflection of Guo Li’s matured face in his happiness filled eyes through the TV-screen. I could feel his connection with Guo Li, it was true love. I couldn’t help but feel a sense of awe.

Lin Hu’s hair had more curls in it than Frodo from The lord of the rings, dark and smooth. Guo Li often whispered in Lin Hu’s ears while smelling his hair like a cat sniffing at a mouse. (I tried to increase the volume, but I could never make out their sweet words) Perhaps that was why Lin Hu often spent twenty minutes washing his hair, afraid of leaving any oily scent.

When it comes to love making, the young Lin Hu is much more aggressive, the older Guo Li on the other hand is more experienced, skilled and gentle. They either stay off each other, or spend hours entwined in each other’s arms. On average it goes on for more than an hour. Even though the way they make love is

anything but fancy, most of the time it is Guo Li taking the charge, while the muscular Lin Lu being the obedient one, letting Guo Li control the pace. Frankly, I would rather watch Miss. Chen making love; she does all kind of tricks.

Six tenants and five apartments, they could all be anyone's neighbours, anyone could have walked past them on the streets.

Except Ying Ru.

I was not only surprised; I was afraid.

Very afraid.

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[\[1\]](#) The electronic store has a name, but it is irrelevant to the story.

[\[2\]](#) The actual nickname is little sister Wang, which I thought was a bit lame when translated.

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# Chapter 3 – Gone Mental – Part II

## Chapter 03 – Gone Mental

### Part II

Creak, Creak...

The sound came as soon as the old mottled lift began to move. I wasn't sure if it came from the grinding gears or the stiffened steel wires.

Either way, I was somewhat surprised by it and I quickly switched the channel away from Bo Yan's room.

The lift wasn't used very often, hence it didn't occur to me to purchase a TV-screen dedicated to that. Now I think about it, it wasn't very smart of me, because what happens inside the lift can be fantastic as well.

As I watched the screen, I saw Ying Ru, who went outside not too long ago standing next to a man inside the lift. I had never seen him before, but I could tell they weren't very close. Ying Ru stood quietly in front of the operating panel, facing the rusted metal fence, and the cleanly dressed man stood formally behind her to the left, staring at her dress without saying a word.

He was laughing on the inside, I could tell.

Moment later, the fences opened, and Ying Ru gave the man a light nod, turning and smiling. That man was very well mannered, overly so as he bowed in return, then followed her out of the lift and into her room.

I have to admit, I thought Ying Ru led a simple and easy life, but I have vastly underestimated this plain and ordinary girl.

I don't know Ying Ru at all.

Neither observing from the outside nor spying on someone from the inside, twenty four seven, is enough to fully understand someone.

Everything you see on the outside stays on the outside. If you think everything

you see is the manifestation of their inner desires, then you are simply being arrogant, and ignorant.

Ying Ru doesn't talk much; she is the least talkative person in the whole apartment house.

Sometimes I can't overhear a single word she says the entire day, perhaps this is the reason why I can't figure out her state of mind. The only hint I have is those books she reads every night, Gardening, Finance, Psychology, Astronomy, Tabloids, Science and even some Supernatural stuff. She has such a wide variety of interests, making it impossible for me to figure her out.

Ying Ru went into the room and that man followed.

"What a nice room you have." The man spoke, while eyeing the bed absentmindedly.

"Why don't you introduce yourself, do you want coffee or water?" Ying Ru signalled the man to sit against the bed with a smile until a pair of shallow dimples appeared on her cheek.

"Coffee will be fine; haven't I already introduced myself online? Shouldn't we talk about you? This is your place, after all." The man didn't sit obediently against the bed as instructed, instead he gently wrapped his arms around Ying Ru's shoulders, watching Ying Ru skilfully operate the coffee machine.

"I want to know more about you, I want to know everything." Ying Ru's soft voice seemed to carry some sort of magic: "I'm afraid that you won't be able to say anything later."

The white foam started to trickle down the side of the coffee machine.

"You sure are a curious one, aren't you? To be honest, I find myself to be pretty interesting too. Haha, perhaps you already know that after our little chat online. The thing about me is that I'm not someone who would just do this kind of stuff with any girl I meet. Please don't be offended, I'm not saying you are easy, I know everyone has their secrets, so..." The man went on and on, as though he had suddenly become a different person.

Ying Ru sat there and listened quietly, showing no real interest or impatience.

The coffee was done. Ying Ru carefully poured two cups, one for the man, another for herself.

The man took a few sips and smiled at Ying Ru: "Tastes good."

Immediately, Ying Ru put her coffee down on the table and walked emotionlessly towards him, holding his coffee cup with her hand.

"Hmm?" The man was puzzled, but he let her take the cup away from him.

It was almost down to the second as the man's eyes closed and his arms dropped, falling backward and fainting.

What just happened?

I couldn't for the life of me foresee such a beast living inside Ying Ru's body. That was what scared me the most.

Ying Ru walked towards the bathroom, pouring both cups of coffee down the drain.

She then took out a big plastic bag and several thick ropes from the drawer. After she neatly spread the plastic on the ground, she took the ropes and tied him to a chair. She didn't do everything flawlessly, but there was no hesitation. I couldn't help but think Ying Ru had to have done this before, or have at least played the scenario a thousand times over in her head. How could I not have seen this coming from Ying Ru?

The man was unconscious, he didn't know a thing.

Ying Ru sat against the bed facing the man, contemplating.

And I panicked, because I didn't know what would happen next.

"Ying Ru, Ying Ru, what have you done?" I gripped the remote control tightly in my hand, switching from view to view, hoping to get a better look at Ying Ru's face. My hands were drenched in sweat, and my feet moved restlessly left and right.

Ying Ru finally moved.

She knelt down in front of her bed and took out a small wooden box from beneath. I quickly moved my face closer to the screen, hoping to catch a glimpse

of what is inside the box.

Next, she opened the small wooden box and took out what seemed to be a medicine bottle. She opened it, and retrieved a few white or yellow pills. Holding the man's mouth open, she forced the pills down his throat along with some water.

"Rat poison? Sleeping pills? Or ecstasy?" My speculation ran rampant and uneasiness started to creep in.

After Ying Ru fed him those mysterious pills, she just ignored the unconscious man and started reading a light novel on her bed.

I stared at the screen while sweat dripped down my back, waiting for Ying Ru's next move. At that very moment, I couldn't care less what everyone else was doing.

Time slowly passed by, there was no hint of the man waking up. Could it have been poison? Should I call the cops?

I paced aimlessly back and forth, not sure what I should have done. The house is mine, and I won't be able to rent it out ever again if someone dies in it. Not to mention watching someone die can be an insufferable experience, even when both the victim and murderer are complete strangers.

Besides, the murder is taking place right under me!

So I kept pacing around frantically inside my room, wasting the entire night away. Ying Ru on the other hand, slept like a baby on her bed.

The next afternoon, the man was swaying his head left and right like a pendulum; he was clearly not in his right mind. In fact he couldn't even open his eyes. Ying Ru woke up. Taking out the same medicine bottle from under the bed, she removed a few more of the same kind of pills and stuffed them down the man's throat again. She even made sure by touching the man's throat, that he had swallowed the pill. She then changed her clothing and exited her room, locking the door behind her.

"Is she crazy, she is not planning to run?" I was confused and my mind wasn't working properly due to the lack of sleep, but after seeing Ying Ru casually walking out of the door, I was certain that she wasn't trying to run.

So I decided to risk it and enter Ying Ru's room, in order to find out what she was up to.

While Bo Yan was still sound asleep, I took the keys and snuck into Ying Ru's room. I could almost hear my own heartbeats.

I have no idea about Ying Ru anymore, will she suddenly return? How long do I have? Everything I have on her is no longer relevant, but I have to go in and see the man for myself.

I carefully closed the door behind me; even my nose was drenched in sweat.

I took a good look at the guy, his face was pale as a ghost, but he was still alive, at least the worst hadn't happened yet. I checked his breathing; I wanted to flip his eyelids, but I suddenly realized I didn't have any gloves on. I didn't want to leave my fingerprint on someone who was about to turn into a corpse.

"You're fucked." I said to myself, rejoicing in the fact that I never drank any coffee or talked to Ying Ru in her room.

Then I knelt down in front of her bed, searching for that little wooden box. I carefully took it out from under the bed after putting a coin next to each of the corners of the box where I first found it. I held my breath and opened it.

Gasoline, soya sauce, rat poison, sleeping pills, hydrochloric acid, polio vaccine, diphtheria vaccine, cobra venom, mast venom and some cloudy bottles filled with liquid. One of them had a dead mouse in it while the other had some squashed unknown reptilian parts soaked in some oddly coloured gelatinous substance. The one Ying Ru used last night was the one with the powerful sleeping pills.

I closed the box perplexed.

Ying Ru was mad.

I lifted my head, looking at an angle at the man who still had to endure an unknown amount of pain. Just as I was about to lament his suffering with a few words of encouragement, the sound of vague but light footsteps echoed from the stairway.

It made my stomach turn upside down; I wanted to throw up.

She is back so soon?

I violently clutched my chest, terrified that my rapid heartbeat would give away my whereabouts.

Ying Ru had never returned in such a short time before.

How could I still believe that I had any idea what she would or wouldn't do?

Shall I kill her?

To think that I actually let that ridiculous idea cross my mind.

Still, the footsteps drew nearer.

"Knock her unconscious!" Stay calm, no matter what, I must stay calm!

I can ignore the consequences for now!

I held my breath and stood behind the door, holding my fist so tight that my whole arm shook.

Where should I hit her on the head to knock her out instantly?

In the front? Or in the back?

Or do it like in the movies, smack her at the back of her neck?

My mind was in shambles.

Suddenly the footsteps vanished in front of the door.

I narrowed my eyes as a sudden wave of dizziness washed over me.

Then came the sound of the key entering the keyhole, and the door opened a crack.

I felt my blood boiling.

Not knowing what was keeping Ying Ru from entering the door.

Does she know?

The door closed again.

Ying Ru did not enter the room.

I listened closely to any sound coming from the outside as she slowly moved towards the other end of the hallway.



Where?

Where is she going?

It sounds like she is heading upstairs!

I didn't hesitate for a second; I quickly returned the small wooden box back to the spot I marked earlier while picking up the coins and putting them in my pocket. I immediately planted my ear against the door again, trying to catch any footsteps and readying myself for an escape.

No footsteps.

"Knock knock."

Huh? She was knocking on my door!

I immediately opened the door and walked out as quietly as possible, shutting the door behind me while holding onto my breath.

"Knock knock."

Ying Ru kept on knocking.

Should I go up?

Pretend everything is normal?

I quietly went down the stairway, horrified at the prospect of meeting Ying Ru face to face, especially since I wasn't sure if she had discovered someone entering her room and wanted me to go in with her.

If that really is the case, given the way I look right now and that I will have to come from downstairs, she would definitely suspect me, the key holder! I don't want to imagine the kind of awkwardness that would await us.

If that isn't the case, considering the fact that she never once took the initiative to talk to me before, why is she knocking on my door now? The rent won't be due for another week.

Run was the correct choice.

I opened the gate and left the apartment house.

What a relief.

I went to McDonalds.

And started shovelling down the chocolate sundae I bought, trying desperately to calm my turbulent thoughts.

Ying Ru was truly terrifying. If I can't predict what she will do next, then how can I make this into a good movie?

She is just a fragile little girl, at most she can only try to drug me, but why am I so scared?

Ying Ru is definitely not crazy. She is not the type to just suddenly decide to kidnap someone.

Because of that wooden box.

Milk, Soya Sauce, those are things easily obtained, but vaccine and snake venom are not something you can buy in a convenient store, and those two disgusting bottles, are those something a normal person would want to keep?

It is deliberate, pre-planned.

Ying Ru is definitely a serial criminal. She must have committed some other crimes or kidnapped some other people in some other city.

She is probably just new in town, and that is why she has been behaving thus far. But now that she has gotten familiar with her surroundings, she is falling right back to her old habits.

How else could you explain her sudden change of behaviour? Could she have a twin sister? Did she enter her room without me knowing and pull a switcheroo on me? If so, where is the real Ying Ru? Did her crazy twin sister kill her? Or kidnap her?

I finished my chocolate sundae.

The ice cream cooled my head.

"Is this a challenge? Are you testing me?"

I murmured the same aggravating sentence over and over, hoping to regain some courage through anger.

"Very well, you crafty little actor, if you want to take over my position as the

director, I will let you have a taste of your own medicine and make you dance on my whim.”

After crushing the plastic container into a pulp, I threw it at the garbage can around the corner and walked out of the McDonalds.

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# Chapter 4 – The Audience or the Pitcher?

## Chapter 4

### The Audience? Or the Pitcher?

I decided to put up a poster on the notice board around the corner of the stairway on the first floor.

“Hello everyone, is everything to everyone’s liking? I lost my key chain today which has all of our reserve keys. Unfortunately I don’t have another spare set, so please put it on the table in the drawing room or bring it to my room if you manage to find it. Thank you.

PS: In order to prevent someone from getting locked out of their room due to losing their keys, I want everyone to get a duplicate made and give it to me, otherwise you will have to pay for the locksmith yourself when you find yourself locked out – Landlord”

I smirked. This way, even if Ying Ru suspected someone sneaking into her room earlier, she wouldn’t suspect me.

Instead she would suspect the “infiltrator” who found the set of keys.

As to who that “infiltrator” might be...

Well, it won’t be me, and I won’t be shifting the blame onto someone else.

“Here, it’s yours.”

I put the old key chain inside Old Man Zhang’s shoe in front of his door, purposely exposing a corner of the metal without being too obvious.

You guessed right; I went to the locksmiths straight after I left McDonalds and had another set of keys made.

Why did I choose Old Man Zhang? Well, he is the perfect candidate. I doubt he ever expected to have the same kind of power I have, the highest kind in this

apartment building.

But it is the exact kind of superpower a peeping tom like him has always dreamed of.

Peeping Power.

Invasive Ability.

I witnessed the whole thing through the pin-hole camera in the hallway. Old man Zhang was putting on his shoes when he discovered this mysterious gift.

“You won’t return it to me; you won’t return it to me.” I kept murmuring to myself while staring nervously as old man Zhang walked back into his room, frowning at the key chain.

But the way the corner of his mouth twitched was nothing short of evil.

“Accept it, and begin your adventure.” I said.

After old man Zhang put the key chain inside a drawer, he raised an arm and muttered a soft “Yes.”

Very good.

While I was happy for old man Zhang, I couldn’t help but feel sorry for that stranger still tied to the chair.

It was the third day in a row he was stuffed with sleeping-pills. Ying Ru would feed him the pills once every three or four hours, and a larger dose before she went to bed.

Larger, but not lethal, even though I couldn’t tell how she knew the exact dose to give.

“Even if you don’t die in your sleep, you are pretty fucked.” I watched at the screen.

The last time the man lost control of his bladder was 27 hours ago, but other than the little bit of water that was forced down his throat together with the pills, he wasn’t given anything else to drink. If you force liquid down an

unconscious man's throat, most of it will simply enter the windpipe and not the gullet, which means a quicker death, with much less suffering.

Ying Ru was obviously aware of this fact.

As I said before, committing a crime is a very complex state of mind, and also a profession.

When Ying Ru retrieved the big fat syringe from her closet, I thought she was trying to inject a saline solution or glucose into his veins in order to cruelly prolong his suffering. Instead, she took out the small wooden box, and from it, the bottle of long expired milk she had prepared long ago.

"What is that crazy woman up to?" I was taken by surprise.

Ying Ru attached the not so hygienic needle to the syringe and filled it with milk. She then carefully inserted the needle into the veins of the man's forearm and injected him with the yellow, tainted milk.

I wanted to throw up.

Ying Ru continuously injected roughly five hundred milligrams of milk. As expected, that man had another bout of urinary incontinence that night. It turned my stomach upside down.

Next, Ying Ru took out a manual siphon pump. She slowly pushed the discharge tube into his throat; squeezing the air handle on the other end and pumping the water from a bucket into the man's stomach.

The water slowly drained from the bucket and, a while later, Ying Ru pulled out the discharge tube. She felt the man's forehead and placed a thermometer under his tongue.

I couldn't see the display of the thermometer clearly from my screen, but based on her actions, the man had to be running a fever. I never had much health care education, but I'm guessing it has something to do with the white blood cells inside his body fighting against the bacteria from the expired milk...

Ying Ru started typing on her laptop, lying on the bed. Whenever she got tired,

she would read, feed, clean or sleep. Like a full-time nurse taking care of a patient, a patient she created.

I really wouldn't know why she chose him, a man whom she met for the first time. Perhaps it was just random bad luck.

This made me realize something.

Bad luck. Is it really the result of a random encounter? If God is a crazy pitcher, who decides to pitch a wild ball at a stadium filled with spectators, and whoever gets hit becomes the unlucky one.

Then, even though the chance you will get hit in the head is very slim; if it does, you are pretty much dead, and everyone has a chance to get hit. Just like that guy on the chair who came for a one night stand but now has a fever running.

So what can you do about it?

Do you just let the God pitch the ball at you and hope you are not the unlucky one?

No, perhaps there is something you can do.

What if the God isn't the pitcher?

What if I can climb out of the bleachers and step onto the field as a pitcher?

I have to take the time to consider this possibility.

On the other hand, I believe it is time for old man Zhang to start paying attention to other tenant's daily schedules; when they come in and when they go out. After all, in order to successfully commit a crime, you need more than just naturally gifted keenness. You also have to put in the hours to do the research, and finally professionalism.

Anyway, old man Zhang began to traverse the stairs more frequently, purposely or otherwise. Every time he went past Miss Chen's room he would always look down and pay attention to the number of shoes sitting on her

doorstep, and if there were any men's shoes among them.

Just like me, old man Zhang was very interested in the pretty and seductive Miss. Chen. He had to have discovered the fact that Miss Chen never brought any of her boyfriends on Thursdays.

Though Ying Ru was quite pretty in her own way, she lived above old man Zhang, which made it more challenging to come up with an excuse to go up to the fifth floor or the rooftop in order to spy on her.

I watched in anticipation, waiting for the day old man Zhang would creep into Miss Chen's room, either to steal her undergarments or try out her bed, but old man Zhang turned out to be very patient. His "imaginary consequence of getting caught" had most likely put a halt to his plans, or perhaps he had something else in mind.

It's alright, I don't mind the wait.

Because my mind is still a shambles, afraid of not being able to make it onto the field to become the pitcher.

Ying Ru caught me by surprise; she gave me way too many shocking revelations at the same time.

Back to planning.

My notebook is filled with loosely written thoughts, but I lacked the inspiration to connect them into a good story. Mostly, I lacked the ability to fully control the "flow of time" and the art of "spatial manipulation".

Sure, my statistic model does not have all the inputs, but the lesson Ying Ru taught me with the unexpected arrival of her soon-to-be corpse, is that everyone is capable of a sudden transformation.

If I can't fully comprehend the possibilities of everyone's potential transformation, then I may very well end up as the loser throughout this sudden exchange. And when that happens, even if it turns out to be a good movie by sheer luck, it wouldn't have been of my design; it would have been just dumb luck, thus it would only be an interesting occurrence at most.

Even so, I'm fully aware that some nut job like Ying Ru whom you couldn't spot



the slightest hint of craziness from the outside, is rarer than rare. Therefore, I believe that as long as I can predict the time when this time-bomb will detonate, I can connect every tenant and every turn of event together, in a surprising way and into a good movie.

Right.

"The ability to show the design talent of a good director and screenwriter" has been the hallmark of several good movies aired over recent years. These movies often start with all kinds of unrelated and hard to understand plot lines, but in the few minutes before the climax, all the separate plot lines would merge together through a series of coincidences, and finally come to an end in a sea of applause.

Such movies are: "Snatch", "Better than Sex" and "Trainspotting".

But movies are in the end, just movies. The coincidences used to link all the separate plots together are designed entirely by the director; the actors cannot affect the outcome.

What I'm facing is the real world.

First I need to figure out which "Key Scenes" I have to be able to accomplish, and then find a way to make it a reality.

I went and retrieved the chocolate ice-cream Guo Li brought for us from the fridge downstairs. While enjoying it, I turned on all six screens at the same time, hoping to find some sort of inspiration. However, I'm mostly focusing my attention on old man Zhang and Ying Ru.

Basically, every character has their own unique features, and as a director, it's my job to highlight them, strengthen them, or give them some other feature that is even better suited to their character.

Old man Zhang likes to spy on other people having sex, thus I'm giving him the "Peeping power" and "Invasive ability", waiting for him to transform.

Ying Ru is like two people fused together; one quiet as a mouse, the other a crazy nurse.

What should I give her? Or avoid giving to her?

Should I actively encourage her and turn her into the explosive spark of the movie, or should I discourage her in order to prevent her from causing any more damage?

Both are equally difficult.

Bo Yan is either sleeping or jerking off, what should I give him?

Should I find a way to fuck with him, and turn him into the comedic relief of the movie?

Hmm, that seems like a good idea.

Guo Li is mature and socially adept. He is also the master of Lin Hu.

Lin Hu is the exact polar opposite. Hmm...

I need to think a way to make use of this unique feature that is their homosexual relationship.

Even considering Miss. Chen's lewd appearance, why does she have two boyfriends?

Miss. Chen obviously won't talk about it in the open without a reason so I can overhear it.

Do I need to find a way to make one of her boyfriends uncover the scandal?

What about Mr. Wang?

Other than his continuing suppression of his desire to violate his daughter, he has proved to be even more boring than Bo Yan.

But he still has a daughter.

That is good.

I glanced at the screen. Ying Ru just woke up.

Today is the fifth day since the kidnapping. He is slowly withering away on that chair, with no possibility of putting up any kind of resistance.

Meanwhile, Ying Ru had greatly reduced the dosage of sleeping pills she administered. The continued high fever alone was enough to paralyze just about anyone. Besides, the only nutrition he had received for the last few days was the milk that was injected into his veins. I didn't know how Ying Ru knew the right amount of milk to inject, but then I realized, she didn't know that at all. She just

randomly injected him with an arbitrary amount.

Surely, death can only be his salvation. My job is limited to observe, and lament. I found myself outside of Ying Ru's door. Four days and still, I couldn't figure out why she knocked on my door that day. I had couple suspicious, but no way to proof them, because Yin Ru never came to see me again.

I found myself outside of Ying Ru's door. Four days and I still couldn't figure out why she knocked on my door that day. I had a couple of suspicions, but no way to prove them because Yin Ru never came to see me again.

Inhaling deeply, I opened Bo Yan's door in secret with my spare key. He left for school an hour ago.

I took out the liquid sleeping agent I had prepared earlier and poured it into the half empty coke can that he had left behind. He is gross that way, even though the bubbles had long escaped from the half filled can of sugary water, he would still empty it.

I gave him a high dosage, just to make sure that he will fall asleep.

"I'm giving you an incredible power, this is your beginning." I couldn't help but reveal a smirk. After making sure that no one was in the hallway by looking through the door gap, I snuck my way back to my room.

Bo Yan came home around half past seven in the evening, just about when Ying Ru left the house. After that man was dragged onto the toilet seat inside her bathroom and the door locked.

I lay on top of my bed eating steam buns, and then I saw Bo Yan chatting in front of his pc while finishing his coke.

“Hurry, go to sleep.” I said. I don’t want to run into Ying Ru on her way back.

Bo Yan kept hammering at the keyboard. Several minutes later, the intervals he spent spacing out staring at the screen became closer and closer together, and the times he pressed the “Del” key became more and more frequent, but he just wouldn’t go to sleep.

Finally, Bo Yan closed the chat window and let out a yawn. The screen switched to that online FPS war game, he coldly rushed against his enemies with a machine gun in hand. Even though he still swayed his real body left and right trying to dodge the incoming bullet from inside the screen, the usual excitement

was absent.

Slowly, Bo Yan rubbed his eyes and his neck began to wobble, but the addicted Bo Yan wouldn't give up, he kept shooting with his face almost planted against the screen.

"You just won't cooperate." I wasn't amused.

Just as the words fell, I noticed Bo Yan's jaw on top of his keyboard, and his face stuck against the screen, not moving a muscle.

Success. I just have to hurry, and I won't run into the elusive Ying Ru.

"Knock knock, knock knock." I knocked at the door, confirming Bo Yan was really asleep.

No response.

"Bo Yan, open the door, I need to talk to you." I said. But still, not even a sound.

I carefully pushed the door open, it wasn't locked.

Bo Yan's mouth was wide open, drool trickling from its corner.

"Bo Yan, Bo Yan?" I pushed against his shoulder, but Bo Yan slept like a log. I put on my latex gloves, just in case I gave him a too high dosage and he never woke up again. I would rather not leave my finger prints on a dead body.

I took off his shoes and shirt then carried him to his bed.

Next, I used his right hand to pull his shirt, shorts, and pants down to his knees, exposing his penis and placed the left hand he usually uses over it.

While looking down at his embarrassing and buffoonish visage, I sneered at him mercilessly.

Turning around, I opened the drawer where he hid all his adult videos and retrieved one he didn't often watch, it was from a Japanese porn star called Anna Ohura. I inserted it into his PC and played it.

Something suddenly hit me, if that was the plan, what about the sperm?

Am I supposed to touch his junk and jerk him off? The thought of it disgusted me.

“Never mind, I doubt an idiot like you will die so easily.” I kneeled next to Bo Yan and found his breathing to be steady. So I took off my gloves and sat in front of his PC.

As I began to jerk off watching Anna Ohura’s gigantic and soft breasts, I couldn’t help but find the comedy in the situation.

Was I really not afraid of Bo Yan dying from overdose? Of course not, I was honestly afraid.

But this is just too much fun; I simply can’t resist the temptation.

I’m cumming! I could feel my abdominal muscles tightening.

I stood up in a hurry and kneeled down next to Bo Yan, aiming directly at his exposed penis, painting both his glans and pubes with a layer of milk white.

Even then he was still sound asleep; I almost died from laughter!

I grabbed a piece of tissue and wiped myself clean. After I made sure that no one was outside by peeking through the gap in the door, I casually went down to the drawing room on the first floor and started reading the latest newspaper.

“What will be on his mind once he wakes up, I wonder.” I laughed uncontrollably. All the pointless worrying was taken away by the sound of laughter as well.

“What is so funny?” Old man Zhang asked nonchalantly while opening the fridge.

“Some funny article in the news, haha.” I answered while laughing, without giving it much thought. Just then Miss. Chen happened to come back work. She gave me an acknowledging nod.

Holding Miss. Chen’s hand, her shorter boyfriend also smiled in my direction.

I did notice old man Zhang staring at Miss. Chen’s rear the whole time he followed them upstairs.

“Go fuck her if you have the balls! Or hide in her closet and watch her get fucked!” I murmured under my breath. So far, old man Zhang has proven to be a fucking pussy.

I kept on reading for two more hours; I almost read every single article in the paper. The tiredness from shooting my load earlier made me want to sleep.

But I couldn't go to sleep, because I wanted to disturb that time-bomb first.

Ying Ru had been gone for a while now, much longer than she usually needs to buy some books. So what was she trying to get? Or do?

Either way, I want to fight back.

You are not the only one who knows how to scare people!

I kept waiting for Ying Ru; I wanted to tell her something that would scare the living shit out of her, but she still hadn't returned.

“Could she have run away? Never to come back?” I began to doubt, but the disappointment greatly surpassed the uneasiness.

Perhaps I was too curious to find out what kind of new tricks she had up her sleeve?

By the time I looked up at the clock, it was already half past eleven.

“This late already?” I thought.

Just then, the lift started to make that grinding noise again.

Suddenly I realized, but was too late to change my idiotic plans.

So stupid! If she went up using the old lift at the back of the house, how could I have run into her? Besides...

“Ying Ru must have brought someone home!” Startled, I ran upstairs as fast as I could.

Ying Ru would never use the lift if she was alone. Besides, she had to have dragged the unconscious guy to her bathroom before she left for a reason; clearly she was up to no good!

As I listened to the spinning gears of the lift, I regretfully returned to my room and turned on the TV.

Hallway.

Ying Ru opened the door, and a man with childlike face followed closely behind her. Based on what he was wearing, he was definitely a teenager.

He smiled happily. He probably expected tonight to be his lucky night, the night to lose his virginity.

“Idiot.” I couldn’t stop myself from laughing.

And what came next was the exact same script.

Coffee or water.

Tell me about yourself.

Ying Ru takes the cup from the stupid kid.

Stupid kid faints.

And gets tied up.

The problem lies probably with the water, and not with the coffee beans, but neither is important. The only thing that matters is what Ying Ru is going to do next.

She started reading on top of the bed, a book about astronomy, and she went on for two hours straight.

That was the hardest part to stomach, and my curiosity kept growing stronger to the point where I started talking suggestively to myself in front of the screen.

“Stuff that dead mouse in his mouth! Teach that smart-ass brat a lesson!”

“Put the viper venom on his dick!”

“Didn’t people say that injecting a small air bubble into the bloodstream could lead to death? Try it! Show me how it is done!”

“Or are we going to play the game of dissecting a live specimen? Feed him some more sleeping pills, dying while asleep isn’t the worst way to go.”

My imagination almost drove me mad but Ying Ru kept on doing nothing but reading. She even yawned. My mood started to spiral down, to the point where I wasn't even interested in seeing Miss. Chen making love with her boyfriend in the bath any more.

Two hours past midnight, Ying Ru finally decided to put down her book, and I found myself awake.

First, Ying Ru went into the bathroom and took a warm shower, right next to the guy sitting on top of the toilet seat. The strangeness of the image made it impossible for me to become aroused. After the shower, still wrapped in a towel, she filled the syringe with milk and stabbed it into the leg of the toilet guy without even bothering to aim for the arteries, all the way to the base. Even I squinted my eyes feeling his pain.

That man must be truly miserable. I'm guessing his fever is still running. Even after the shower, Ying Ru had no intention of wiping that sweat-soaked man dry; she just left him there half-dead, rotting away on the toilet seat.

In contrast, she was a lot gentler with her new prey, the young boy. She dispensed few more sleeping pills, crushed them into a pulp, then carefully fed them to him. She then grabbed the syringe she just used to inject the milk, but this time she filled it with the black soya sauce while eyeing the sleeping boy closely.

What could she be thinking?

Ying Ru caressed the boy's arm; she seemed to be looking for any obvious veins.

"You are so hard to predict, if you really inject him with that, you would have messed up the order... Aren't you supposed to wait for dehydration to set in first before you start randomly injecting stuff?" I was mightily intrigued, because this time I had to approve of Ying Ru's swift and merciless style. Just like her, I can't wait either.

Ying Ru smiled, and as expected, she inserted the non-sterilized needle into the boy's arm, slowly allowing the soya sauce to seep into his bloodstream. My mouth opened wider and wider as more of the soya sauce was injected into his blood.



“So much salt.” I almost died from laughing again. Even though I didn’t think he would die from having so much soya sauce in his blood, it was definitely not going to be a pleasant experience. Just the severe change in the osmotic pressure alone was probably enough to make his red blood cells explode or deteriorate.

The boy was too deep in sleep. He just accepted it and let Ying Ru continuously inject him with roughly three hundred milligrams of soya sauce. I think a few days at most before he ends up in the bathroom as well.

Ying Ru went to sleep.

I closed my eyes too.

I wonder if she just randomly likes to fuck someone up? Or if she has different plans prepared? Either way she is too unpredictable, but I no longer feel the situation to be tragically one-sided.

Unpredictable sure, but not tragic.

Both her unpredictability and the hidden craziness which she has yet to reveal, made me curious and excited.

Of course, I’m not planning to admit defeat, nor will I lose.

Because I can see more than she does.

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# Chapter 5 – Confrontation Part I

## Chapter 5

### Confrontation!

#### Part I

“Morning!” While enjoying my breakfast and the newspaper in the drawing room, I gave my regards to Mr. Wang who had to wake up early for work.

“Morning.” Mr. Wang nodded at my direction and his pitiful bleary eyed daughter waved at me too.

I didn’t sleep much, but I slept well, though slightly worse than the drugged Bo Yan.

It was great.

After I finished my clay oven rolls and soy milk, Miss Chen came down with the shorter one of her boyfriends. I wanted to say hello, but she seemed exhausted. Murmuring a few curses under my breath, I ended up holding my tongue.

“Morning! Landlord.” Guo Li came down soon as well, carrying a small brown leather bag.

“Morning! Got lectures in the morning?” I asked politely.

“Indeed.” Guo Li walked towards me, not in a hurry to leave. He was never in a hurry to do anything.

“Is Ling Hu still asleep?” I pretended to be in the dark, even though I could see everything.

“Nope, I spent the last night alone. He had night shifts, but he will be back soon.” Guo Li exited the building with a smile on his face.

As I heard the engine of Guo Li’s BMW leaving, I went upstairs and continued to work on my notebook.

The page of white paper was instantly infused with the endless ideas pouring out of me. An incredible imagination with master plans, each line coming with the possibility of even more complex lines linking everything together.

Bo Yan woke up around twelve; by then, Ying Ru had already fed the kid another round of sleeping pills and soy sauce. And injected who knows how many grams of milk into the underbelly of the guy sitting on the toilet.

Bo Yan was dumbfounded when he first opened his eyes; in fact he sat lazily on the floor for another half hour before he finally decided to wake up.

He didn't seem all too surprised when he fondled his messy pubes sticky with dried cum. But still, he seemed rather puzzled sitting on the floor: Jerking off and then falling asleep completely naked, that had never happened before.

"Damn." Bo Yan laughed in spite of himself. That was the conclusion that idiot came up with.

Bo Yan stood up, staggering slightly. Clearly the drugs continued to rob him of his balance.

"Fuck, fuck!" Bo Yan massaged his temples, grinning hideously while turning on the monitor. Only then did he attempt to wipe the dried cum off with toilet paper.

But of course it didn't work; he only managed to get more paper scraps stuck on his already messy pubes.

"Why was I jerking off watching this fat cow?" Bo Yan kept shaking his head, unable to recall what he did last night. Or so I interpreted from his facial expressions.

Bo Yan cursed few more exaggerated words before he went into the bathroom. Filling his rinse cup with water, he began to wash his pubes, or tried to, as he kept scrubbing it with soap, instead of just taking a shower. He had no sense of hygiene what so ever.

"Should I go pay you a surprise visit again? This time I will scare you shitless!" I watched in amusement as Bo Yan angrily cleaned my cum off him, thinking how I will try to annoy him next time. Meanwhile, Ying Ru had finished a small cup of coffee and a small piece of bread. She then crouched in front of the toilet guy,

checking his temperature. She examined his pupils and felt his pulse before finally exiting the door.

I nervously stared at the images of the hallway, murmuring: "So you are not on the hunt for another prey, no, no, no, because you didn't hide the kid. But what are you trying to do now? Buying more interesting stuff perhaps?"

Suddenly my neurons fired up in all directions, because Ying Ru did not go down, she came up.

Is she coming for me?

I took a deep breath of the cold air; I couldn't even feel my feet.

Ying Ru slowly, but surely went up the stairway. Suddenly, a jolt of pain alerted me, apparently I had been biting down so hard I bit through my lips.

"Shit!" I leaped out of the bedroom in a hurry, closing the door behind me. I definitely cannot let her discover my secret eyes.

I inhaled deeply, in an attempt to calm my nerves, but an abomination of terror was coming to the other side of the door. I could almost feel the burning shadow heating up against it.

"Please don't knock." I was still trembling when I exhaled. I wanted nothing more than to scream at the door telling her to go away.

"Knock knock knock."

I can't open the door right away. That would be too deliberate. My neck twitched a little.

"Knock knock knock."

Exhaling slowly, arms crossed, I put my hands on my shoulders.

Open.

"Huh? Ah! Ying Ru!" I feigned surprise, standing at the door.

"Hey, Landlord." Ying Ru talked in her soft voice, smiling.

"Wassup? If I remember correctly, rent won't be due for another two days. Haha." I really didn't know if that was true, and stood still at the door.

“Oh right, I have a flower pot in my room in need of cutting, but I don’t have any big scissors. I was wondering if I could borrow yours?” Ying Ru lied straight to my face without so much as batting an eye, and her voice even seemed gentler than usual.

“I see. Big scissors... Let me think...” I scratched my head, confused.

What does she want with my scissors?

Do I have big scissors?

Should I lend them to her?

“Just slightly bigger than the usual will do.” Ying Ru’s voice was incredibly gentle, so much so that my strained nerves vanished almost instantly.

“Give me a moment.” I didn’t know why I said that; by the time I realized something was amiss, the words had already escaped my lips.

Turning around, I began searching for the big scissor drawer by drawer while keeping an eye on Ying Ru from the corner of my eye, terrified at the possibility of her ambushing me from behind. I was totally not ready to start swallowing sleeping pills several times a day.

I made up my mind.

“Do you have any?” Ying Ru seemed concerned.

“Is this one ok?” Holding a not so big pair of scissors in my hand, I purposely ignored the much bigger tailor’s scissor sitting in the corner of the drawer.

I honestly didn’t want to give anything to that time-bomb, mostly because everything in my room was covered with my fingerprints.

Narrowing her eyes, Ying Ru examined the scissor in my hand.

Please say no!

“This will do.” Ying Ru extended her hand, speaking joyously: “Thank you.”

Ten seconds later, I watched Ying Ru’s white dress disappear into the stairway, leaving me startled. She definitely came out as the victor that time.

“You really are something.” I loathed myself, ashamed of having lost the battle.

I regretted deeply after returning to the bedroom, and not just because the insignificant sense of shame.

What I felt after losing that battle, was like being gunned down by the enemy using my own weapon which I was forced to surrender.

It was a terrible feeling.

Ying Ru returned to her room and disrobed, letting her snow white dress and laced underwear fall to the floor. Standing completely naked, her pink nipples elevated slightly. The curve under her breasts was exactly the kind of angle a man would want to place their hands on.

Yet, the sensation Ying Ru's slender and balanced form would inspire was not one of indecent nature, instead, it was the pure kind that made you want to hug and kiss gently, for a whole afternoon.

She was laughing and I was confused.

Picking up the scissor on the bed, she carefully walked into the bathroom and kneeled down in front of the guy in the toilet. She slowly snipped away his shirt and pants, leaving the man completely exposed on the toilet stall. And then she gently placed the sharp edge of the scissor against that man's left pinkie.

My eyes opened wide in surprise.

"Don't... Please don't!" I cried out.

The man's neck gave a jerk, spraying tiny red dots all over Ying Ru's face.

Her focused gaze glowed brightly through the screen.

"Stop... Please stop..." That was the only subtitle I could add.

She loosened her grip on the scissor only to place it again, but this time, on his left ring finger.

I couldn't breathe; I tightly folded my hands together in prayer.

The entire bathroom floor was drowned in red, so was Ying Ru's hands.

My fingers heated up in response, and I hurriedly flicked them. Yet, the impossible, symbolic, metaphorical, and abstract pain began to speed through

the nerve endings of my fingers into my heart, searing my arteries like a needle every step along the way.

I clutched my chest firmly, sinking all five of my nails deep into the gap between my ribs. Still, I couldn't escape the blood soaked scissors in the TV-screen.

Ten fingers fell on the ceramic floor, and ten were flushed down the toilet.  
Gone.

The guy on the toilet endured it in silence, without a word of complaint. It was as though he had sworn an oath to "never scream", or perhaps his fever had long burned out what was left of his senses. Even when his manhood, his penis and balls were being snipped off by the blunted scissor blade, piece by piece, over twenty times in total, he still just sat there with a slightly arched back, waving his legs in acknowledgement that he understood.

But I, through the TV-screen, was forced to endure and share his unbearable pain.

What he couldn't feel, I responded with distorted face and limbs, as if I had become his nerve system, crying out in pain.

I swallowed my anger, tightening my fist, and tried to regurgitate the pain.

"You really are something." I hammered the bed repeatedly in utter outrage while throwing up all over it.

I decided to take my revenge by catching her off guard!

"Knock knock knock!"

It took a whole minute before she opened the door, by then Ying Ru was already back in her white dress and in front of the door, acting as if nothing was out of the ordinary.

That was quick!

"Oh look, I just found it." I raised the tailor scissor in my hand, smiling warmly.

"Great, I was having a hard time with the other one, thank you." Ying Ru smiled as she took the tailor scissor from me.

“You’re welcome. Fate brought us together under the same roof, it is only natural that we should look out for each other! Haha!” I smiled back, unwilling to leave.

You stupid bitch, I will give you the scare of a life time!

“That’s right.” Ying Ru nodded and kept smiling.

“Yep.” I smiled, of course I had to smile; I studied her room through the little gap of the door, refusing to leave.

“Is there anything else?” Ying Ru spoke softly while leaning slightly to her side and blocking my view.

“Oh! I just want to have the other pair of scissors back, haha. I may have need of it soon.” I smiled again, pretending to wiggle my nose at the smell and frowning: “What a strange smell, do you have a dog or a cat? It stinks like... animals.”

“Oh, my dog just died, I will take care of it in a bit.” Ying Ru smiled; she didn’t even bother to fake a sad face for her pet.

“Make sure you do; oh, I don’t really mind, but I’m afraid the other tenants might!” I pretended to be considerate.

“Of course, wait here. I will go get the scissors.” Ying Ru closed door with a smile.

I felt quite proud of myself seeing the door close in front of me, even though I could still taste the sourness at the corner of my mouth from throwing up earlier.

Yes hurry! Go wash my bloody scissors!

The door opened.

Pulling myself back, I alarmingly took a step away from the door.

“Thank you, I will return the tailor’s scissors as soon as I’m done.” Ying Ru continued to smile. Her hand holding the scissor was so white and smooth. I couldn’t resist and touched more of her skins than i should.

Ying Ru wasn’t upset, only in a hurry to close the door.



“Oh right!” I pretended to have suddenly remembered something: “About that potted flower! Can I see your potted flower? I’m interested in getting one for myself as well.”

I watched Ying Ru in excitement, waiting for her to panic and lose her shit. I will have my revenge for making me puke all over my bed earlier.

Eyeing me with increased intensity...

Ying Ru twitched her mouth slightly.

I managed to put up a smile, but my hand was soaked in sweat.

“Please come in.”

Ying Ru smiled, but I almost forgot to breathe.

Are you crazy?

What are you up to?

How could you possibly clean everything up in one minute?

If you haven’t, then why aren’t you acting like a criminal is supposed to?

Is it possible, that you want to put me...

I glanced at the big tailor’s scissors in Ying Ru’s hand, feeling scared.

My smile turned into a ghostly mask.

“Shit...”

Suddenly Bo Yan’s door sounded behind me. I could sense the unrequited rage mixed in the draft coming from his room.

I quickly looked behind me. Bo Yan slammed the door shut in his shorts and blue slippers, scowling. As he began to drag his feet down the stairway, I shouted...

“Bo Yan! Watch the door, don’t break it!” Despite me complaining, I was relieved.

Putting my arm around Bo Yan’s shoulder enthusiastically, I turned to Ying Ru: “Ying Ru, perhaps another time.” Bo Yan waved as well.

Ying Ru nodded with a smile and closed the door.

“What happened? School stuff or girl friend problems? Haha.” I laughed dryly. I didn’t expect Bo Yan to be the floating log I managed to grab ahold of before drowning.

“Nothing.” Bo Yan was in a bad mood, the complete opposite of the guy who begged me to allow him to stay from before.

He pushed my arm away and hastened his pace heading downstairs for dinner.

I casually followed behind him, trying to soothe my tension from the stare down with Ying Ru earlier.

This time, I couldn’t even feel the shame of defeat, because I was thankful for having escaped with my life.

Or rather, I was grateful.

Committing a crime is a very intriguing mental activity.

Committing a crime separates the strong from the weak.

Committing a crime makes you powerful.

That is what it means to be a criminal.

Crime itself is a profession, a passion, and an addiction.

It is the kind of inhuman practice that you can only accomplish by overcoming your fear and continuously suppressing your moral ethics.

Such a practice is often very addictive; I have slowly come to realize that from peeping on others.

But Ying Ru has shown me something different than peeping, something different than exploring the sea of darkness in secret.

Her crime, despite her meager size and lonely lifestyle, was shrouded by a ghastly aura inducing fear and vomit. It made a low-tier criminal like me completely lose the will I had gained through peeping, to commit a crime.

I couldn’t stand up to her at all; I tried twice and I failed twice, utterly.

Crime has empowered Ying Ru, and weakened me.

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# Chapter 5 – Confrontation Part II

## Chapter 05 – Confrontation

### Part II

Perhaps I should slowly start to desensitize myself and study how Ying Ru performs her perverse and preposterous acts of crime onscreen. With repetition, through simulations and studies, I can slowly attain the mindset of the highest level of criminal.

Only then will I no longer be afraid of Ying Ru. We will both be criminals of the highest level.

However, I do not mean that I should do what she does. I have no interest in chain feeding sleeping pills or cutting someone's finger off *etc.*

I sat down on the long chair under the tree next to the sidewalk and watched as Bo Yan walked into a grill house nearby. His stomach was howling.

But I was surrounded by the shocking images forcefully imprinted on my mind, the vivid memories of Ying Ru snipping away at that man's fingers, one at the time.

If I go back now; I can probably still make it for that guy's beheading, right?

If I wish to be touched by her criminal scent, I better go home now and wait in front of the TV.

"Huh?"

Suddenly, racing past the corner of the street, old man Zhang drove his bike into the small alley next to my old apartment house.

"Half past one in the afternoon?" I glanced at my watch after seeing Old man Zhang parked his bike. He looked around a bit and entered the door.

Old man Zhang had never returned so early before on a Tuesday.

Are you about to act?

I stood up and slowly walked towards the old apartment house.

I tried my very best to lighten my steps, like a smooth criminal.

Lying on the bed, I stared at the TV-screen.

Ling Hu was still sleeping on his, just like Guo Li said.

Bo Yan returned to his room about half an hour later. He turned on his PC, touching just about everything except his books.

Ying Ru was reading hers lying on the bed. The door to the bathroom was closed, but that guy on top of the stall was long gone. He had turned into a black plastic bag, sitting quietly in the corner of the bathroom. The kid however, was still paralyzed on that chair, like a piece of plaster.

Old man Zhang who had just taken his first step chose, as I expected, the sweet room of Miss. Chen.

He watched the hallway for a full fourteen minute before he finally snuck his way down to Miss. Chen's door.

Old man Zhang was an even worse criminal than me; everything he did was geared towards sex. So naturally, his eyes went straight to her bed. He pushed aside his fear and anxiety, leaning his body close: smelling, sniffing, touching, and inhaling.

"Stop doing all the pointless shit." I said.

Old man Zhang didn't dare to stay long; he quickly rose up to his feet and studied other interesting part of the room.

Her perfume sitting out on her dresser, he smelled it.

He took her comb off her desk and ran it through his own hair.

He picked up the soap in her bathroom, squeezing it over and over again.

The towel hanging in her bathroom, he wrapped it around his head, inhaling its scent.

The toothbrush sitting in her water glass, he squeezed some toothpaste on it and became visibly excited as he brushed his teeth.

Finally, he crouched over the toilet, gliding his finger over the plastic seat, back and forth, touching it in a way you would fondle a beautiful girl. Then he pressed his face against it, dreaming.

“You should start thinking about how to obtain all that, instead of wasting your time feeling the stall!” I murmured, afraid of Old man Zhang would squander the peeping power I granted him.

But in the end, Old man Zhang was a newbie in the sacred hall of crime. Onscreen, he was like an Indian who saw the camels for the first time.

Old man Zhang spent more than an hour on some pointless adventure before he ultimately, but reluctantly closed Miss. Chen’s door, re-appearing anxiously in the hallway.

I wanted to interrupt his perverse act like the way I did to Bo Yan and Ying Ru, but I was scared that I would destroy the tiny spark of criminal talent, or courage that he just managed to cultivate. Therefore I gave up on the idea.

But the most important reason was Ying Ru; she just moved, yawning.

Putting down the “Urban Phobia” novel she read earlier, she stood in front of the kid and touched his forehead.

Is he dead?

I couldn’t tell through the screen, not that I had reason to care.

Ying Ru took out the syringe, filled it with the milk sitting on the table, and flicked the needle.

“No way? Did you forget... that guy was supposed to be the soy sauce guy?”  
My mouth opened wide.

Ying Ru clearly didn't give a shit; she just jammed the syringe into the kid's neck and forced the milk into him. Some of it went in, and some of it spurted out, leaving sticky white liquid streaming down his neck.

My god, Ying Ru didn't bother to aim for the artery at all; she just randomly jabbed the needle in. I guess I'll have to get used to her heartlessness.

As soon as she withdrew the needle, a thin stream of red sprayed from his neck. Ying Ru sighed under her breath. Opening the drawer, she grabbed a gold-colored band-aid and brutally slapped it on the wound.

Splat! She was obviously using too much force because the kid toppled to the ground, kicking over the chair.

Ying Ru lifted him up, slapping his face a couple of times. But of course, the kid didn't respond.

When dusk arrived several hours later, Ying Ru covered him with a piece of red cloth. She picked up the big plastic bag from the table and that damned bottle of soy sauce, and opened the door.

What could she be planning?

I grabbed a hat in a hurry and followed her down. I could barely spot her entering the kitchen on the first floor as she turned on the gas.

“?” I was dumbfounded, seeing old man Zhang talking nonsense to Guo Li who just came back from work while Ling Hu sat quietly next to him browsing a magazine on man's clothing.

“Mr. Landlord! Come talk to us!” Old man Zhang shouted neighbourly.

I nodded and sat down with them while constantly eyeing Ying Ru playing magic tricks in the kitchen. I couldn't hear a word Old man Zhang and Guo Li said.

Mr. Wang and his daughter came back to the house as well, smiling to everyone as they went for the stairs immediately.

“Mr. Wang, why don’t you sit down for a second, I made something for everyone.” Smiling, Ying Ru came out of the kitchen holding the pan and the soy sauce.

Mr. Wang hesitated and didn’t know how to respond, but old man Zhang was already clapping and cheering: “Nice! I was wondering why the kitchen smelled so good! So it was you who did the trick, Ha! I hope it is not because you are getting married; are you trying to practise your culinary skills on us?”

Ying Ru smiled gently and said: “No way, I just saw some new recipe and wanted to give a try.” With that, she returned to the kitchen, leaving us alone in the drawing room to wait for the unexpected, free and tasty meal.

Except me.

“Fuck.” I was on the edge of my seat.

The ingredients she used... I hope they are not from that guy on the toilet?

Even though I never saw how the fellow in the toilet got stuffed into the plastic bag, I wouldn’t be too surprised if Ying Ru took out his organs or peeled off his flesh.

“Mr. Wang, come have a sit! Let’s chat!” Old man Zhang laughed heartily; He was still high from his unexpected adventure earlier today.

Mr. Wang nodded timidly and sat with his daughter next to the quiet Ling Hu. They joined in on the conversation regarding the national education reform, but were quickly interrupted by the wonderful smell coming from the kitchen. I however, was getting goosebumps all over.

“Mr. Landlord, have you been ill lately?” Guo Li noticed my bloodless face.

“Oh? I just didn’t sleep well last night. Haha.” I laughed dryly.

“Bad night sleep? This particular dish is perfect for reinvigorating the body.”



Ying Ru came out of the kitchen, holding a plate full of dark brown sliced and steamy meat. It permeated with the scent of soya. Ying Ru put the plate down on the table and left us with a handful of chopsticks.

It only made me even more nervous.

“How so?” Guo Li asked out of curiosity, picking up the chopsticks.

“This is the fried liver of a man who only drinks milk; the meat is fresh and the texture is smooth.” Ying Ru spoke smilingly: “It is particularly soothing when you are tired.”

I was about to throw up.

“Human liver” Cool stuff! I have to try this!” Bursting into laughter, old man Zhang picked up a slice and put into his mouth. Accompanied by another wave of laughter, everyone else picked up a slice for themselves as well. Even the quiet Mr. Wang went and put a few slices in the bowl of his daughter.

Only my chopsticks hesitantly remained on top of the plate.

In fact, I had many opportunities to escape from this horrifying banquet. Such as: I’m sorry, I have something I needed to take care of, please enjoy yourselves; I’m sorry, I’m a vegetarian; I’m sorry, I just had my dinner.

But my uncooperative rear decided to sit down instead.

But why?

“Mr. Landlord, don’t be shy. There is a lot more where it came from.” Ying Ru’s smile chilled me from the inside.

“Of course.” I picked up a piece of the liver meat, but no matter how hard I tried I couldn’t move the chopsticks closer to my mouth.

Everyone was watching me, curiously, puzzled, confused and stagnant.

“Don’t mind me everyone, I’m just not very fond of the taste of liver. I’m sorry.” I spoke apologetically as I returned the liver meat back to the plate with my chopsticks, feeling slightly embarrassed.

“It is all right.” Ying Ru smiled, returning to the kitchen. Other than smiling, she didn’t seem to have any other kind of facial expression.

Old man Zhang didn’t hesitate and put my slice of liver meat into his mouth, smiling: “It is really good, as expected from a... man who only drinks milk! It is delicious!”

While everyone continued to discuss our national policies on education reform, more wonderful smells drifted from the kitchen.

In the recent years, whenever someone talks about education reform, almost everyone has something to say about it. Even if they don’t have an opinion, they have at least a few complaints.

While listening to Guo Li expressing his educated opinion, I carefully observed the others, checking if any of them are becoming nauseated, dizzy or worse.

I didn’t want to eat any sleep inducing meat then becoming another dish myself.

At the time, I felt really useless. Even though I had been careful, I faltered, and very badly so.

“This is barbecued human ribs, grilled human meat ball, stir-fried human tenderloin with scallions and human arm pot roast.”[\[1\]](#)

Ying Ru brought up so many different dishes at the same time; she made old man Zhang and Guo Li laugh nonstop. Even though Mr. Wang wasn’t too pleased with Ying Ru’s “jokes” and frowned at her, he still picked up his chopsticks out of courtesy.

“Should I go get Bo Yan?” I stood up, hoping to relegate everything to him after I convince him to walk into that trap. I just needed to let him tell everyone that I wasn’t feeling too well and wanted to sleep, and that everyone should

continue to enjoy themselves.”

But the moment I stood up, I saw Bo Yan wearing his noisy slippers coming down from the stairway, eyes fixated on us.

What timing? Are we in a movie?

“Bo Yan! We were just about to come get you! Join us!” Old man Zhang loved to pretend being all friendly. Bo Yan hesitated for a second, but it was quickly overcome by Ying Ru’s attractive smile.

Fuck, you are such a tool when it comes to girls.

“Did you make all these?” Bo Yan put up a well mannered front and sat next to Guo Li, smiling as he picked up the chopsticks.

“Right, we also have a pot of hot soup on the stove.” Ying Ru sat down on my left.

I could instantly feel the left side of my face going numb.

“Delicious, the meats are so soft and smooth, nice.” Guo Li praised. Bo Yan immediately picked up a big chunk of “human tenderloin” for his bowl.

“The meat is really good, thank you.” Ling Hu continued where Guo Li left off.

“Not just good! Tell you truth, my nose is very sensitive when it comes to milk, and this meat definitely has the aroma of milk. It must have been expensive, no?” Old man Zhang pretended to be an expert, but in fact he was only a pervert who consumed too much expired milk.

“Yum, Miss. Ying, your culinary skills are outstanding.” Mr. Wang politely commented in response to the free dinner.

“Thank you sister.” Mr. Wang’s daughter had a decent upbringing as well.

“If Miss. Chen was here, we would have a full house, Hahahaha...” Old man

Zhang laughed hysterically.

Hahahaha, I laughed as well.

Ying Ru picked up a big and horrendous human meat ball and dropped it in my bowl, nodding suggestively.

“Don’t you want to have some as well, Miss. Ying?” I had already forgotten how or why I said it, I could only remember that my ears were almost on fire at the time, and my insides were turning upside down.

“I don’t eat human meat.” The entire room burst into laughter after Ying Ru said that, especially Mr. Wang’s daughter who almost fell off her seat.

I wanted to repeat what she said so badly: “Ha, as it turns out, I don’t eat human meat either.” But my hand for some reason started to move that meat ball towards my tongue.

Was my confused frustration causing me to do stupid things?

Like its name, my thoughts were all smushed up like that meat ball.

“Taste good?” Ying Ru smiled.

I nodded, swallowing the minced meat down my throat.

So this is your corpse. No, is this how you plan to get rid of your evidence?

Our stomach, is your best hiding place?

“I will check on the soup.” Followed by a wave of cheers, Ying Ru stood up.

“Ah! Alcohol! We are missing some drinks!” I shouted with sudden realization and stood up as well.

No matter what, I’m not going to touch that unexplainable soup.

“Guys, you don’t have to wait on me. I will go get us a few bottles of beer. It is on the house; let’s have fun!” I spoke out loud.

“Don’t bother; I can be faster by car.” Guo Li stood up as well; luckily I made it

to the door first, raising my voice: “It is fine. You don’t have to wait for me! I will be back soon with some appetizers to go with the drinks as well!”

Opening the door, I ran away from the place, all the way out of the alley. I tried to stick my finger down my throat, forcing myself to throw up. But alas, I was too inexperienced when it came to inducing vomit; I couldn’t regurgitate any of those minced human meat I swallowed earlier.

Feeling disheartened, I arrived at the convenience store and bought two six-packs of beer, then turned around the corner to the pickled vegetable store<sup>[2]</sup> and bought three plates of those as well.

“It was disgusting, but why did I stay at that cannibalistic banquet for so long? I was getting angry at myself. At the time, I didn’t blame Ying Ru; I just didn’t understand why.

I could hear the sound of loud laughter coming from the drawing room as soon as I entered the alleyway.

“A bunch of fools.” I mocked them to myself.

Slowly, my footsteps came to a halt.

I realized I was actually having fun. So that was the reason.

“I wanted to see how those idiots put human meat into their mouths. Haha!” The moment I realized that, I didn’t mind going back so much anymore; instead I was glad for being able to forgive myself so soon.

“I’m back with more!” I happily declared as I opened the door.

Miss. Chen and her shorter boyfriend had both appeared in the drawing room as well, holding a big bowl of human soup each while laughing joyously.

For the rest of the evening, I enjoyed my pickled vegetables and drank my beer while laughing at those idiots unknowingly swallowing real human meat. Ying Ru on the other hand, just sat there listening to others pointlessly criticising the

national education system, eating nothing at all.

I spent my night surrounded by the sound of laughter.

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[\[1\]](#) Some liberties were taken when naming the dishes.

[\[2\]](#) In raw the store actually sells cold plate dishes.

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# Chapter 6 – The End of a Lifetime Part I

## Chapter 06 – End of a lifetime

### Part I

On that very same night, I returned to my bed to spy on Ying Ru.

Ying Ru peeled off the piece of red cloth covering the kid's pale face; he was pretty much a goner at this point. Ying Ru didn't bother to inject him with anything anymore. She touched his neck and his face a couple of times before she went to bed, reading and then sleeping.

The intoxicated Mr. Wang spent his night on the chair, not sure what he could be thinking about while Miss. Chen's primal moans continuously echoed in his room. Normally he would be sleeping by now with his daughter in his arms, but not tonight.

I'm guessing he desperately wants to remain on the side of civilization and not succumb to his barbaric urges.

But the fact that he spent the whole night spacing out on the chair, it only further exposed his hesitation and fear for approaching the bed.

When someone needs help, the right thing to do is to help them.

Immediately after I woke up in the morning, I went to the old pharmacy nearby and bought myself a lot of sleeping pills. The owner of the pharmacy was a classmate of mine from high school, his last name was Qin.

Mr. Qin's father used to be the license holder of the store, but now that he was dead. He had to rent it from someone else. Even though Mr. Qin never even managed to acquire a pharmacist license on his own, he did not lack ideas on how to make more money.

“Buying so many mixed types of sleeping pills, I hope you are not planning to kill yourself?” Mr. Qin was just trying to make conversation, even if I said “Yes.” He would still sell it to me. He was that kind of person.

“Nope, just trying to get laid.” I smiled, leaving the money on the counter.

Mr. Qin took the money and smiled back like a good cashier would.

“Right, do you have any aphrodisiac?” I asked bluntly. There was only two types of language here anyway, “Do you have it?” and “How much?”

“Viagra? How many do you want?” Mr. Qin asked.

“I’m not looking for Viagra, I want aphrodisiac.” I asked directly, leaving no room for misunderstanding.

“There is no such thing, only hormones, drugs and stuff like that. If you want, I can get you some.” Mr. Qin didn’t waste time either.

“I want ten, and fast, two days tops.” I said.

“Come back tomorrow.” Mr. Qin lit up his cigarette in response: “Same as before, my stuff works, but what happens after that is not my problem.”

“Duh.” I said. It was nothing new.

The next day.

Mr. Wang’s room was furnished surprisingly simple, just like the way I saw onscreen. I opened the lid of his kettle, planning to mix some aphrodisiac in the water, but I had to stop myself due to the strange smell of the powder.

Mr. Qin said that this type of underground aphrodisiac was mixed with many different kinds of ingredients. It contained the traditional male potency Chinese herbs and Viagra, strange human hormones and even the latest Rohypnol. They mixed so much stuff together, like they were scared that it didn’t work or something.

After smelling it a bit more, I had to accept that it had a rather strange odor, and not the odorless, tasteless powder I had hoped for. It would be discovered



for sure if I left it in the water.

I tried to recall everything I saw from his room.

Right.

I opened the cabinet, picking up the medicine bottle Mr. Wang used for his liver condition. He would always take one from this bottle every night before he went to bed. I secretly hoped that there were capsules inside the bottle and not pills; I couldn't see it clearly onscreen.

Popping the cap, luckily, it was all capsules.

There was a time limit for my little adventure, so I had to keep it short. After remembering the name and the size of the medicine bottle, I went out of the room and arrived at the pharmacy. This time I went to buy the exact same kind of liver medicine.

"You have liver problems?" Mr. Qin asked nonchalantly.

I shook my head, no reason to lie.

Mr. Qin moved his finger around his nose pretending to be Chu LiuXiang.[\[1\]](#)

"Let me put it this way. The capsule used for this type of medicine is very common. Do you want to buy empty ones?" Mr. Qin seemed to have guessed my plans.

"Sure, thanks." I smirked. Mr. Qin could be a good friend sometimes.

"No need, just keep the money coming." Mr. Qin spoke more seriously: "But don't if you kill someone with it." Same as before.

And so, I bought three hundred empty capsules.

Back in my room, I casually opened the capsules, filling them with the aphrodisiac powder. So once more, I went to Mr. Wang's room and this time, I emptied his medicine bottle, replacing it with mine.

Next up was old man Zhang.

There were over thirty bottles of expired milk sitting under old man Zhang's bed, all sealed except one, an already opened bottle of fruit flavoured milk. My

target was obvious.

I took a few pinch of the aphrodisiac power and dumped it into the bottle, giving it a good shake. I hoped old man Zhang's iron stomach would not provide too much resistance to the aphrodisiac.

"One step at the time; there is no hurry." I smiled as I left old man Zhang's room.

I went up to the fourth floor and glanced at Ying Ru's door.

It was half past three in the afternoon; she should be sitting on her bed writing around this time. Before I snuck into old man Zhang's room and she started typing, she had already dropped the seemingly dead kid into the bath, together with that black plastic bag.

"Are you kidnapping and killing people so you can write stories?" I watched her door, confused.

But, what kind of stories would require such terrifying personal experience? Horror novels? Detective novels? Or some dark fantasy novels?

Nope, none of that makes sense. There is no way she would risk herself like that merely for the reward of writing a story. Besides, the romance novels are the ones popular these days, the real money maker.

It mostly likely has something to do with her perverse psyche. The scariest thing about her is her unpredictability.

Bo Yan went to school an hour ago. I carefully opened his door. Lifting the cover of the instant noodle left on his desk, I added some more sleeping pills; they were even more potent than the last time.

That kid's sense of hygiene was terrible. He would always finish the left over instant noodles, without bothering to reheat them.

"Soon, I will help you uncover all of your potential." I was overjoyed.

My notebook was filled with all kind of plans to further Bo Yan's abilities. He could be considered to be the first but essential step in my grand scheme.

I carefully opened Bo Yan's door, checking if Ying Ru who lived next door had come out. I was wary of her existence.

She didn't.

Thus I walked out of his room, closing the door behind me.

Suddenly the door in front of me opened.

"Mr. Landlord?" Ying Ru greeted me with a smile.

"Hello." I nodded, smiling.

Did she see me coming out of Bo Yan's room?

"I haven't thanked you yet for last night." I tried to come up with something.

"But I noticed you weren't too fond of my cooking. Was it really so bad?" Ying Ru seemed embarrassed.

Why does she have to open her door?

"No way! I was just..." I was at a loss for words.

"Not used to the taste?" Ying Ru eyed me curiously.

Why does she always appear at such suffocating moment?

Can she read minds?

"It is not your fault. I just have a bad habit being very picky with my food. I feel

ashamed.” I apologized.

“I see.” Ying Ru nodded.

What now?

If she saw me coming out of Bo Yan’s room, I definitely can’t give her the opportunity to ask me why, because I’m nowhere near of coming up with an answer.

“Right, Ying Ru. Aren’t you a writer of some sort? I have been to the bookstore a couple of times, but I have never seen any of your books. I’m guessing you are using a pen name, right? Can you reveal it to me?” I pretended to be excited.

“The truth is, I’m not really much of a writer...” Ying Ru smiled.

An idea suddenly came to me; I should make use of this opportunity and try to learn more about Ying Ru, for both public and private reasons.

Publicly, understand Ying Ru could help me realize my plans.

Privately, who wouldn’t die for an opportunity to talk to the crazy cannibalizing killer?

“Ying Ru, are you free? How about a cup of coffee or something to eat?” I interrupted Ying Ru’s sentence, speaking enthusiastically: “I want to get to know you better. The truth is, I don’t really have many friends I can talk to. Haha. This is embarrassing. I haven’t had a heart to heart talk with someone for a long time.”

Ying Ru squinted her eyes.

I tried my best to spread my smile, and tried to infect Ying Ru with it.

“Sure, why don’t you come over to my room for coffee? I can make some right now.” Ying Ru’s smile was the most innocent smile I have ever seen, but my survival instinct was still intact.

I cleared my throat.

“I wouldn’t want to impose. I remember you telling me when you first came for the interview, you are not a local, right? I know a great coffee place nearby, what do you say?” I clapped in excitement, showing that I couldn’t wait.

“I don’t want to be a bother. But I’m quite an expert when it comes to coffee making.” Ying Ru’s smile could render any one defenceless.

Except me.

“It wouldn’t be proper for me to enter a lady’s room. Besides, that coffee place is really good. I have always wanted to go, but going alone is so sad, I couldn’t get myself to do it! Therefore this will be my treat, will you do me this favour?” I spoke in such hurry, just short of showing my wallet.

“Fine.” Ying Ru finally agreed.

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[\[1\]](#) Chu LiuXiang is the fictional protagonist of a Wuxia novel series by Gu Long.

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# Chapter 6 – The End of a Lifetime Part II

## Chapter 06 – The end of a lifetime

### Part II

Coffee place.

Ying Ru ordered a “cafe au lait”, which surprised me. I had never seen her drink any kind of coffee with milk before. Then again, she always knew how to surprise me.

I ordered an “Irish Coffee” for myself with some chocolate cookies and a croissant.

“Thanks for the coffee.” Ying Ru said.

“Haha, you’re welcome. How do you like the place?” I laughed. A simple coffee here cost more than two-hundred, I couldn’t have offered her more even if she complained.

“It’s nice.” Ying Ru answered politely while taking in the aroma of the coffee and smiled: “However, you should really try mine; at the very least it is much cheaper, not that it taste bad either.”

“Really?” I smiled as another chill went down my spine. Fortunately, we were in a public place.

While watching the froth floating on top of the coffee, she fetched another packet of milk and slowly poured the content into the cup.

As the powder slowly dispersed into the liquid, it dissolved and spread in a wide arc.

Ying Ru stared closely, lost in thought.

“Right. You told me back at the house, that you are not really much of a writer... What do you mean?” I asked. I might as well start to talk about her work.

“I’m a professional ghostwriter hired by a publisher.” Ying Ru raised her head, explaining: “I help all kinds of writers and publishers write all kinds of different works, and then let them take credit for it.

“Oh... I see. No wonder I couldn’t find any of your publications. Since you are the one writing anyways, why don’t you write for yourself, isn’t that better? Fee wise, you get paid more right?” I asked.

“Not everyone wants to become famous, like me.” Ying Ru softly explained: “Writing things for someone else, I get to experiment more with different subjects. There are also more opportunities for me to write. As long as I’m willing to spend the time and do the research, I can always find work. But if I write for myself, I only need to fail once, and I will most likely not get another chance to publish.”

Researching new subjects?

Do you really need to mutilate someone’s body for that?

Some crazy mystery novel?

“So what is new? What are you writing about now?” I continued.

“I’m helping Lady Jiang write a book on financial planning. It is a popular topic as of late.” Ying Ru added another packet of milk.

“Lady Jiang?” I was curious.

“That is a trade secret.” Ying Ru laughed. If I insisted, I was certain she would have told me, but I wasn’t interested in someone else’s business.

“Then as a ghostwriter, you constantly have to study the subject. Isn’t that tiresome?” I asked.

“It is.”

“So what do you do to relax? Cooking perhaps, like yesterday?” I laughed.

“Chatting online, travelling, thinking about things, or making coffee. You sound like a reporter.” Ying Ru added another packet of milk, even though she had yet to take a single sip.

“Haha. Chatting online eh. I’m too old for something like that.” I murmured to

myself.

“What about you, Mr. Landlord?” Ying Ru’s eyes watched me curiously, but I knew she wasn’t interested in knowing me whatsoever. She was just trying to make small talk.

“Me? I read newspaper, watch TV. Nothing interesting really; luckily, you guys came around. Thanks to that, my boring and plain life has changed a little. Like sitting here with a pretty girl drinking coffee, I couldn’t have dreamed of such before.” I told her, and it was the truth.

“Mr. Landlord doesn’t have a girlfriend?” Ying Ru asked. She had already added five packets of milk to her coffee.

I think she is just playing with her drink; she never wanted to drink it in the first place.

“I had one before, but as I get older, I have less and less success. So I haven’t been with anyone ever since, and I have gotten lazier about it as well.” I said; it was also the truth.

“I see.” Ying Ru looked down and toyed with the froth floating on top of the coffee.

For a while, neither of us spoke.

I browsed the computer magazine lying on the table while eating the chocolate cookies. Ying Ru on the other hand, was like a gypsy elder, studying the different shape of white appearing in her coffee, as if she could interpret the signs or something.

Sometimes, I would point at a movie star or a movie poster in the computer magazine, asking for her opinion, but as time passed, we had less and less things to talk about.

It was a good thing.

I didn’t have many beliefs about life. But one thing I did believe was, that the fewer things people had to say to one another, the more truth it held.

Because you would eventually run out of flatteries or pretences to hide behind, it would be like being exposed to the light.



“Have you ever had thoughts that perhaps your life has reached the end?”

Ying Ru stopped opening more milk packets and all of a sudden, raised a strange question.

I was confused, but not exactly surprised.

“Not really, everyone wants to live, right?” I smiled bitterly: “No matter how boring it is, you still want to live.” That was the idea; you just had to find more entertainment.

“An end doesn’t necessarily mean death. It doesn’t mean that you can’t continue to live a happy life either.” Ying Ru gently refuted what I just said.

Her eyes were no longer the same, but I couldn’t describe the difference.

I had never been very good at the “name the ten differences of the following two pictures” type of quiz.

“Oh?” I thought. I wanted her to finish what she was trying to say. The best way to do that was to let her do the talking.

“To have reached the end is to cease changing, and keep repeating the same cycle of life. There are many who have reached the end. Some of them have reached the end by the age of thirty, some have reached the end by the age of twenty, and some teenagers have already reached the end.” Ying Ru never ceased to smile, but it was no longer the same.

I can only feel and perceive, but I can’t describe the microscopic changes that took place. Like the expired milk, if you don’t taste it or smell it, you can never discover the rotting underneath the cover of white.

“Keep repeating? I thought life is like a straight line, you keep walking forward. You only stop when you’re dead. Why would there be repetition?” I couldn’t resist and asked.

“If your life is like everyone else’s, then you are repeating. Everyone is constantly repeating another person’s life. They repeat by going to school, repeat by making friends, getting a car, or getting married. They are constantly repeating the lives of billions other people, even the way they smile, the way they cry. Don’t you agree that it is a type of repetition?” The rottenness beneath

her smile was getting worse.

“That is such a strange concept.” I said: “For anyone for that matter, if they have never experienced something before, then it hasn’t happened for them. If it hasn’t happened before, how would they be repeating it?”

I had to argue, because I felt my pride was being wounded by her calling it as a repetition of someone else’s. Even though my life was like a constantly digging groundhog, never to see the day of light... To say that I was repeating the lives of many others, why wasn’t I married, with children? Why wasn’t I as rich as Bill Gates?

“If you want to experience what it is like, then read some books, novels, manga or watch some TV. You will find all kinds of lives, constantly repeated over and over again. The more you read, the easier it gets to repeat someone else’s life. Since you will repeat the process, the result is often quite similar, and since the result is similar, you will have reached the end. Because from that point forth, you will have began the process of copying someone else’s life, and continue to repeat. Like a maelstrom, a black hole, you will get sucked in.” Ying Ru’s choice of words deviated more and more from what one would use in a daily conversation, almost like a pre-written speech.

A discouraging speech.

“Are you saying I shouldn’t watch too much TV?” I questioned without much thought.

“No, on the contrary.” Ying Ru’s answer came as a surprise.

“Oh?” I said.

“Watch more TV, or movies, or listen to more radios and you would know; our society tells us in many different ways that no matter how hard you try, you are inevitably going to become another one who is going to become someone who came before. Which is good, the sooner you realize you are an easily replaced part of the bigger cycle, no, you are an insignificant piece not even worth to be replaced, the sooner you will realize your life has reached the end.” Ying Ru started to add more milk packets again.

“If there really is a cycle, a repeating cycle, what is of the point of knowing it

sooner? There are many who will never find out, but will still get to live a happy life. Even if they know, they can still live a happy life right?" I wasn't satisfied, but I kept smiling joyously.

"You are right, many people are still smiling even though they have reached the end." Ying Ru smiled: "If you can smile, then don't try. That is human nature."

"Oh?" I replied, not knowing how to continue the conversation. The logic had escaped me.

However, I began to randomly guess the reason for her crazy kidnapping experiments.

"Right, Do, you, think, your, life has reached the end?" Ying Ru didn't forget about her question earlier.

"If everything you say is true, then how can I be any different? I'm ordinary to a fault." I answered bitterly.

Ying Ru eyed me with interest.

Her gaze was not fixated, but the reflection of her eyes was so clear and irresistible, it made me shiver.

"You, haven't, reached, the, end, yet." Ying Ru spoke one word at the time.

I didn't understand.

And my confusion was written on my face.

"Everyone has many opportunities to carve a new path after reaching the end. But they are stuck there because they are afraid, or don't want to." Ying Ru's word made my head spin.

"Oh? Why wouldn't they?" I asked.

"Because everyone is scared of being different." Ying Ru spoke softly: "They are all terrified of being different than those they saw on screen. Therefore they are stuck at the end of the road, unable to move. Occasionally someone would try to move; the lucky ones would be seen as deviants, the unlucky ones were simply labelled as outdated."

I couldn't help but nodded in agreement. Everything that was popular was a product of being in agreement with someone else, doing what they do.

"Then why do you say that my life has yet to reach the end?" I felt a little excited. It didn't matter what kind of praise it was, as long as I was the one being praised, I would be happy.

"Because, I can see the end. As to why you haven't reached the end yet, I don't know. Perhaps you have, but you turned around, or perhaps you are trying to avoid it. Either way you have yet to reach the long line of people who are constantly repeating themselves." Ying Ru's pupils were dilated.

Suddenly, I was like being tied up in the darkness, unable to move.

"Besides, my body can sense the scent of the end, and I haven't." Ying Ru smiled, but I knew in my heart that it was not a smile.

"Your body can sense it?" I unconsciously straightened my body.

"Whenever a person reaches the end, they become the end, and I cannot remain in front of the end." Ying Ru took a sip of her café au lait overflowing with milk; it was her first sip.

"What happens if you stay for too long?" I asked.

I thought that her reply to this would answer all my questions.

"I would use my carving knife." Ying Ru put down her coffee cup, and it was empty.

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# Chapter 7 – 1/2 Rat Part I

## Chapter 07 – ½ Rat

### Part 1

I went back to the house with Ying Ru.

We walked side by side and my breathing was no longer ragged. I would even unconsciously match her pace.

Was I no longer afraid of Ying Ru? That would be a grave error.

I just felt really close to her, or more accurately, feeling accepted.

Have, I, not, reached, the, end, yet?

The feeling of approval made me admire her uncontrollably, even the way she breathed.

But I was still terrified of her.

Because that was the source of my admiration, the origin of my accord.

“I hope we’ll get to do this more often.” I said while waving her goodbye in front of the stairs.

“We will.” Ying Ru replied, smiling softly like usual.

Ying Ru went back to her room.

And I returned to observing my screens.

Strange questions filled my mind as I watched other tenants slowly returning to their rooms one after another.

Question one.

If Ying Ru invites me to her room for coffee, would she drug me like she did to the others?

“Definitely. I was afraid of her for a reason. She always knew how to catch me by surprise. She wouldn’t care that I hadn’t reached the end yet.” I raised my hand, answering my own question.

Which means I still have to keep denying her lethal invitations.

Question two.

Ying Ru said that she could see the end. Was she a psychopath? Or exceptionally gifted? Or a bloody liar?

“Or perhaps she just didn’t wish to reach the end of the path herself, thus deciding to go crazy?” Raising my hand, I argued against myself.

Unfortunately, the process of logical deduction doesn’t work on the likes of Ying Ru, especially since I don’t know how many other obscured theories of life she held sacred. Perhaps she has one that dictates “life is a constant experiment”, or perhaps there is one that says “the silent abuse is a noble form of character,” or maybe she has the habit of making shit up?

While incoherent thoughts continued to plague my mind, old man Zhang came back. He drank the nasty, disgusting expired milk at twelve past seven. Bo Yan came back at eight, and finished the leftover noodles from last night at half past nine. He dropped dead in front of his PC at twenty to ten. Mr. Wang and his daughter came back at half past five. It was now eight past ten, still a while till Mr. Wang’s epic struggle.

I only introduced a low dosage of aphrodisiac in old man Zhang’s drinks, because I had to “control” when he was going to explode. The first few times, the dosage had to stay low. It just needed to stimulate his imagination for now, but when the moment comes, I’m going to ignite it with a bang.

Which was why old man Zhang had to spend his night in torment, writhing on the floor listening to Miss. Chen’s moans. It only took him half an hour before he decided to take the telescope to the rooftop.

Whenever a person’s mind is fixated on only one thing, their behaviour becomes extremely predictable. Old man Zhang is the perfect example of that. His every move is wrapped by an invisible wire called sex. I only need to sit down,

plug my ears with my fingers and light the fuse, and old man Zhang would be blown sky high.

Since Mr. Wang had yet to swallow the pills, I went to check on Ying Ru. (She was taking a shower, completely oblivious to the young man sitting on the bathroom stall next to the big black plastic bag. Afterwards, she started typing comfortably lying on the bed.) So I went downstairs, entering Bo Yan's room.

Bo Yan left the chat window open on the PC; messages kept popping up, eagerly awaiting his reply.

After I moved Bo Yan to the bed, I sat down in front of his PC and entered a few random messages. The sender seemed to be a girl Bo Yan met online, called "Cat on the piano."

I never chatted with someone online before; I was too old for that. But I knew the symbols on the keyboard, and the "enter" key. Besides, I specially went to the bookstore a few days ago and got myself a bestseller on online friendship: "The first intimate contact". In order to completely destroy Bo Yan, I had to do my homework.

"Beep... Are you asleep? :("

Eew, Bo Yan, a bloody university student called himself Dododog.

"Yep... I just discovered another me... :)" I typed.

"^\_^ Another you? What is that?"

"The other me just went to sleep, this me is like a recently hatched butterfly. It is a strange feeling."

"I don't understand :P"

"This is the new me! The old one was like an ugly, ordinary caterpillar. But now even the way I breathe has transformed! ^\_^"

"Hoho... That sounds amazing... Is it because you met me? <3"

<3? What is that? Do teenagers these days always make up random words?

"Hahaha! Maybe? I'm about to go on an adventure! And my adventure is unlike anything you have ever seen!"

“What kind of adventure? O\_O”

“I’m going to disappear! Whoosh!”

After typing those last few words, I stopped caring about the return messages from that stupid cat.

I stripped Bo Yan from head to toe, throwing his clothing everywhere.

“Hurry, use the nunchucks, Hoho Haha! Why aren’t you singing now?” I laughed as I pulled Bo Yan’s arms and dragged him under the bed. Next, I opened his closet and tore away at his clothing till it was a complete mess, then I carefully closed it.

“Go to sleep.” I couldn’t resist any longer as I jerked off again in front of his PC, spraying it all over the floor. I even left the tissue I used to wipe myself clean on the floor as well.

After returning to my room, I went to stare at another screen alone in the dark on my bed.

The image showed Mr. Wang sitting nervously on the bathroom stall, pouring hot water over his naked body.

He swallowed the pills half an hour ago; his daughter was already sound asleep by then.

“Shouldn’t he have used cold water? Hot water is clearly the wrong choice here.” I commented.

Still naked, Mr. Wang walked towards the bed of his daughter, watching.

I couldn’t see Mr. Wang’s savage facial expressions clearly from this point of view; how unfortunate.

The kind of emotions expressed during such epic struggles had to be very artistic and twisted.

Mr. Wang just stood there, arms dropped, chest raised.

“Deep breaths won’t help you, pretending to hesitate is also pointless. Nobody is watching, you are only fooling your own conscience... If you still believe that you have a conscience to begin with.” I mocked Mr. Wang’s futile attempt to



stop the inevitable.

Things like these happen all the time in the world.

Father rapes daughter. It doesn't matter whether she is mentally challenged, under aged or normal. Whenever the father wants to fuck his daughter, the father would always put up a fight with himself, like angel versus demon, and it would always be a pointless struggle.

As a reminder, the second rule of life I follow has told me that as long as it is a battle of morality, conscience is almost always going to lose.

When the fight is over, the real show begins.

Therefore, I have decided to never waste time talking with my conscience, because in the end, I would always end up doing what I wanted to do in the first place. So as time passes, my conscience has stopped talking to me as well.

"Hurry up. Your daughter is yours to begin with! As long as you are ok with it, it will be fine!" I commented.

But Mr. Wang was a coward, and like a statue, he stood in front of the bed. His legs were frozen, his dick was as well.

Two hours had passed since then; I stared at the screen, half asleep, half awake. I almost died from boredom, but Mr. Wang was still there, standing like a statue in front of his daughter. I thought he fell asleep on his feet.

I kept on switching the channels, waiting and hoping.

One yawn after another.

Finally, Mr. Wang fell like a meteor, dropping down on the chair next to the bed and falling asleep.

His talk with his conscience took way too long, letting the effect of the drug slip away from between his legs.

"You stupid fuck, how can you become the hero of the incestuous world if you keep being indecisive like that?" I cursed a few words and fell asleep as well.

The second and the third day, every night, Mr. Wang would pretend to be a

statue, and stand like a rock in front of the bed, and every time I would miss out on his marvelous expression of desire due to the camera angle restrictions. Slowly, I changed from mocking him to respecting him for his incredible restraint.

But surely I couldn't let Mr. Wang keep holding his cock and do nothing. So I had to take out my playbook and make some major adjustments. Since the ending had to stay the same, the difficulty of the script writing had drastically increased. It was going to cause me some serious headaches for the next few days.

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# Chapter 7 – 1/2 Rat Part II

## Chapter 07 – Part II

### ½ Rat

I have to mention Ying Ru again; the second afternoon after our little chat, she took a huge suitcase from her closet and went down the elevator at the back of the house. She didn't come back till nine in the evening. I saw her on the camera in the lift; she was wearing a set of blue sportswear and a pair of running shoes. But that was the strange part, because she clearly had a dress on when she left.

Not only had she changed her clothes, but the suitcase she brought back was exceptionally heavier as well. I could tell by the way she pulled at the handle.

Someone had to be inside that suitcase.

A corpse.

A corpse in pieces; it was the only way it would fit in a suitcase that size.

"You seriously have me beat. Anyone else would be taking bodies out right now, but you went outside to get a dead body instead. Are you planning to cook another meal for us?" Even though I couldn't figure her out, I was beginning to appreciate her macabre style.

As I watched Ying Ru drag the suitcase into her room onscreen, I couldn't help but find the situation amusing. Her bathroom already had a black body bag and a dead body, but that didn't stop her; she even went out of her way to get another.

Click.

Ying Ru opened the suitcase.

And I was stunned; in fact, I almost clapped.

Inside was a little girl with messy hair. She was wearing her elementary school uniform, with a blue pleated skirt. She was probably...

A fifth grade student in a public elementary school? I set the zoom to the max. Her eyes were shut; she was clearly drugged.

Ying Ru on the other hand, had been weaned from her *modus operandi*. After tying the little girl to the chair, she taped the little girl's mouth shut, and pulled out that horrid little wooden box from under the bed. This time, the object of her choice was the menacing glass bottle.

The one with the dead rat inside.

She sat down on the bed and stared at the little girl.

Smack!

Ying Ru's slap left five red finger marks on the little girl's cheek. The impact was so hard she almost fell off the chair.

Soon blood began trickling down from the little girl's nose, and she slowly opened her eyes.

Dazed.

"Innocent little girl, Sister Ying is going to carve a path at the end of your road!" I laughed uncontrollably.

The little girl's chest vibrated convulsively, and her eyes were filled with such terror and helplessness...

Well, actually, I couldn't see clearly at all on my tiny screen. And as to what kind of terror the poor little girl must have felt, I was merely projecting my own fears onto her. Even so, it was enough to make me shudder.

Ying Ru took the glass bottle and spun it in front of the little girl's black pupils. These motions made the swollen dead rat bounce inside the strange liquid filled bottle, as if its claws and teeth were constantly reaching for her face, retracting, and repeating the process.

In a desperate attempt to escape from the terrifying nightmare; the little girl kicked vigorously against the ground, trying to move the chair backwards and away, almost toppling it in the process.

I really wanted to know how Ying Ru managed to kidnap that little girl and stuff her into the suitcase...

The little girl closed her eyes, simply not looking at the dead rat. But the way it made her body tremble was clear as day, and it was the most violent kind.

Seeing the little girl closing her eyes, Ying Ru seemed satisfied. Standing up, she reached for the sprayer on the desk she used for watering the plants and sprayed it at the little girl's face.

Like a marionette whose strings were just cut, the violent oscillation of her body suddenly came to a halt.

Just the sight of it alone had left me scarred for ages.

"If I had gone into her room back then..." I murmured.

Other than that ordinary sprayer, what else did she have easy access to in her room that could be used as a murder weapon?

I couldn't think myself fortunate for having escaped death, because my heart and body were tied to the screen.

In the bathroom, Ying Ru dumped the dead rat into the washbasin and took out the pair of big tailor scissors she had borrowed from me.

Snip.

The head of the little rat was severed from the rest of its body.

Scooping the head with a spoon, she walked out of the bathroom with it in hand.

“Urgh...” I noticed I was standing on my toes, and my arms were folded tightly in front.

Ripping off the tape on the little girl’s mouth, she forced the smudged rat head into her mouth. The way she did it looked like she made the little girl’s tongue press on the filth.

That would have been my choice as well.

Afterwards, she taped her mouth shut once again. Returning to the bathroom, she carefully stuffed the incomplete remains of the dead rat back into the glass bottle. I had no words for the peculiarity of what was happening right now. It was as if she couldn’t see the dead body or that huge black plastic bag lying on the ground. I subconsciously started to worry about the smell.

Next...

Packing up the suitcase, Ying Ru changed out of the sportswear and started reading a book on the bed.

The name of the book: A Hundred Reasons to Live.

I wanted to laugh, but couldn’t. Disgust and admiration, two entirely conflicted emotions clashed inside of me.

The two contradicted, yet thrived with each other.

I almost forgot when the little girl regained her consciousness.

But I could never forget her tormented expression as Ying Ru emotionlessly twirled the glass bottle in front of her eyes.

A headless rat.

And the constant soft sting under her tongue.

The little girl instantly realized what was going on. Never in my wildest imagination could I have known the face of a person that was capable of expressing such emotion.

It was a combination of extreme terror and a complete breakdown.

My chair broke, but the chaos of emotions did not cease to spread despite our immense age difference. Like a ferocious beast, it howled and crawled out of the screen.

Lunging towards me.

Half an hour later, Ying Ru took the sprayer and once again, decided to put a stop to the little girl's nauseating nightmare.

She was taking out the body of the dead rat, cutting it in half, ripping off the tapes, spoon, mouth, taping shut, and bottle.

Once again, the little girl woke up.

The body of the dead rat without its upper half dangled in front of her like a spectre, haunting and twitching.

Through the glass bottle, Ying Ru's crooked gaze studied her intensely.

The little girl watched with bulged cheeks. The kind of stuffed sensation that must have been in her mouth was simply unthinkable.

She couldn't scream, but I could hear her sharp and ear-splitting cries from miles away.

She didn't even cry, but tears had already fallen from my watery eyes. My entire body jerked and stiffened.

Her eyes grew wide, so wide, leaving the black and the white perfectly separated.

It was no longer a human's emotions.

I was no longer human.

She touched the little girl's chest. Seemingly satisfied, she opened the big suitcase she had prepared earlier and stuffed her body inside.

The suitcase was then placed in the corner of the room.

Later, when Ying Ru came to borrow a black plastic bag and big kitchen knife, I wasn't scared and excited like I was before, nor was I panicking or stuttering.

I simply opened my drawer, and handed her a thick roll of plastic bags.

It was the numbed response after witnessing what was on the other side of the hellhole.

I was worried for a second that my heart had stopped beating, that I had lost my fear of Ying Ru, or perhaps that I had lost the ability to fear altogether.

Later that day, I finished my bland yet convenient food while watching Ying Ru chop up the young man in the bathroom using my kitchen knife and shove him into the plastic bag piece by piece.

Two plastic bags, one big and one small.

And a big suitcase sitting quietly in the corner of the room.

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# Chapter 8 – Evolution of Civil Morality Part I

## Chapter 8 – Part I

### Evolution of Civil Ethics

Let's not talk about Ying Ru anymore, it makes my head hurt.

It is time for the other tenants.

Bo Yan paced aimlessly around the room after waking up from his drugged sleep for the second time. I had heard that amnesia could be a potential side-effect of taking too many sleeping pills, but I'd never been able to confirm it. I could only guess based on Bo Yan's soulless eyes and the random involuntary movements of his limbs.

Stark naked, he would sometimes sit down on the bed, and then immediately go to the bathroom...only to change his mind a moment later and return to his PC, contemplating. Sometimes he would even crawl back under the bed to the place where he woke up, trying to recollect the shattered pieces of lost memories.

His only clue was the message I left him last night on his open chat window:

“I'm going to disappear!”

Several days later, after Bo Yan had finished the left over orange juice from before he left the house, I went to his room and stripped him of his clothes as usual. Afterwards, I stuffed him inside the closet, leaving him there with the monitor and keyboard in his hands.

And another time, after he had drunk the left over bubble tea from the night before, I ripped off every poster hanging on his wall. I went on to spray my seed

all over his CD cases and finished it off by carrying him to the rooftop and wrapping his naked body with a woollen blanket.

The most important part of all was turning on his PC and highlighting a horror novel in the middle of his screen.

The Fridge [\[1\]](#) was its name. It was the inspiration for my design for Bo Yan.

I believe that Bo Yan will slowly come to understand his true potential, and arrive at where he needs to be. Once the time is right, he will blossom like a beautiful flower.

If you don't think I make much sense right now... Well, I can't really explain it.

Shall we call it a test?

You'd understand if you tried it out on someone. People believe just about anything, and sometimes, the more proof there is that shows otherwise, the more likely they are to be convinced by their own ridiculous ideas.

The gorgeous Miss Chen had an interesting method to handle her two boyfriends. After all this time, they had yet to discover the existence of the other.

The clothing of the other man would never appear in Miss. Chen's closet. She had a perfect sense of recollection. She would always remember to take down the other man's clothes and put up the ones belonging to the guest of the night.

Never once did she call out the wrong name during sex, either.

She even memorized the differences in their sensitive spots, the stances they preferred, the way they wanted her little mouth, and what colour lipstick they liked.

She would throw out the garbage every morning. Inside the plastic bag, the condoms and milky fluids were wrapped tightly with toilet paper.

She had thought of everything; it was perfect.

Except that I had the keys.

So did old man Zhang.

The days old man Zhang skipped work became more and more frequent, and the time he spent in Miss Chen's room became longer and longer.

He no longer confined himself to only sticking his face against the toilet seat or daydreaming. He even snuck under her pink hello kitty blanket and wiggled like a worm, not at all scared of leaving his scent behind on Miss. Chen's bed.

His senses were slowly being devoured by his overwhelming lust.

The speed at which he crumbled was much faster than I had anticipated, but then again, humans are not to be underestimated. We are the most dominant species for a reason.

It was three days ago, which also happened to be the day after I carried Bo Yan to the rooftop and wrapped him in woollen blanket, that old man Zhang actually fell asleep on Miss Chen's bed.

Watching the stupid old man Zhang lose control and fall asleep onscreen made my jaw drop. He even snored. While I was still considering whether I should wake him up or not and how, Miss. Chen suddenly returned to the house with a strange man in her arms. Seeing the images through the pinhole cameras installed on the hanging fan in the drawing room almost made my heart leap out of my chest.

My goodness, it was only six past four in the afternoon. Miss Chen had actually skipped work and come back with an older guy who wasn't even one of her boyfriends!

Things were getting weirder by the second. I didn't need to check my notebook to know that the day was Thursday, and Miss. Chen always spent the night alone on Thursdays. Could it be that from now on, every Thursday would be the day reserved for the third guy?

It didn't matter; whatever happened, happened. In a flash, I picked up the phone and called Miss Chen's room.

Ring ring ring...

Old man Zhang suddenly jumped up, eyes wide.

And I hung up the phone, staring nervously at the screen.

Meanwhile, Miss Chen smiled happily while leaning against the stranger's shoulder. The newcomer's hair was half-gray, half-black, and the brown age spots on his face were spread out evenly by his shy smile.

They walked slowly up the stairs.

Old man Zhang was in complete shock. Chucking the blanket aside, he stumbled roughly as he tried to get off the bed. By the time he got to the door...

Tak, tak, tak...

It was Miss Chen's high heels accompanied by the stranger's laughter, and the sound of my rapid heartbeat.

Old man Zhang instantly went for the closet, hiding himself inside.

I sought desperately for a way to rescue old man Zhang, but I saw the images of Miss Chen's room onscreen, and the messy blanket left on the bed. She'd folded it nice and neatly before she left.

I could only pray fervently to the gods, hoping Miss Chen's clever mind would be clouded by the rough and aggressive manner of the male.

The door opened.

The stranger didn't even have the time to close the door before Miss. Chen expertly unbuckled the belt around his thick waist.

Bang! His back slammed against the door as she took his pants off.

Immediately she took it in her mouth.

The way the stranger over forty years old watched Miss Chen kneeling before him, it was as if he couldn't believe what was happening to him. He slowly reached his hands forward, holding Miss Chen's head in place. Miss Chen's daring approach penetrated his defences almost immediately as his expressions rapidly faded from his face.

It didn't matter who you were or how many times you had seen it before; anyone would have been aroused by the images shown on the screen. But at the time I could only think about the big closet next to her.

I could almost hear old man Zhang's heart thundering in the dark, and see his pair of owlish eyes stare through the gaps of the closet.

Right! Tonight was the night!

I raced downstairs and went into old man Zhang's room. After I had found the bottle of expired chocolate milk he was drinking at the time, I dumped a heavy dosage of aphrodisiac inside.

It was time.

Tonight would be the beginning, when each gear would become interlocked!

I rushed back to my screens; my breath was ragged and my hands were shaking. I prayed that old man Zhang, wouldn't be discovered and would find a way back to his room, where a high concentration of aphrodisiac was waiting for him. I also prayed for the old stranger, hoping he wouldn't stay in Miss Chen's room for too long; the faster he left the better.

If everything went as planned, then tonight I would be able to realize the dream of being the director and screenwriter at the same time. If not, then old man Zhang would probably end up in jail.

Meanwhile, the couple onscreen were getting hot and heavy. However, the older fellow seemed to be having trouble holding his ground against Miss Chen's alluring and beguiling offensive. It didn't take long before his face showed the first sign of defeat and the wooden door stopped shaking.

Miss Chen reached for a piece of tissue and carefully wiped her mouth as she slowly spit out the white liquid.

The older fellow tried to hide his weakened knees by caressing Miss Chen's rosy cheeks, and Miss Chen pretended to be satisfied with her oral act as well, smiling happily.

Inside the closet, a pair of eyes was fixated on the two, and its gaze was crooked. I could feel it through the screen.

The older fellow nodded slightly.

He seemed to have grown dozens of years older in that short instant. An empty and hollowed layer of languish struggled to come out through the wrinkles on his face. And so, he was done staying here.

"So erm, see you tomorrow at the office." The older guy sounded like a kind father.

"Let me walk you out, Chief." Before Miss Chen got up, she attentively pulled his pants back up and buckled up his belt for him.

The door opened again.

Miss Chen took that older fellow whom she called "Chief" downstairs, waving goodbye before turning around.

Her face was filled with disgust.

But I wasn't relieved; my eyes were even more fixated on the screen.

In fact, I almost face-planted against it, bewildered.

Had old man Zhang fallen asleep inside the closet?

Why wasn't he coming out?!

I switched to all the angles, still speculating. Why wasn't anything coming out of the closet?

"Are you crazy? You were married twice. Don't you know a woman spends most of her time in front of her closet? Hurry!" I was honestly getting worried. I would have to rewrite the entire script if old man Zhang was out of the picture.

But the closet doors remained shut.

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[\[1\]](#) "The Fridge" is a novel written by the author. It is the third book in the series of Urban Phobia. The only English translated book from that book series is the fifth book, called "Kung Fu".

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# Chapter 8 – Evolution of Civil Morality Part II

## Chapter 8 Part II

### Evolution of Civil Ethics.

Miss. Chen's high heels sounded again: tak tak tak.

Opening the door and just like any other Thursdays, Miss. Chen wearily took off her shoes, her clothes, and even her underwear. After leaving them hanging on top of the shoebox she went into the bathroom, naked.

I immediately understood what was going on inside the closet. It was that pair of eyes.

It was confidence mixed with some kind of nefarious state of mind.

It penetrated the thin layer of wood; it pierced through the icy cold screen.

"Since you have already made up your mind, what are you still waiting for?"

Suddenly, warm tears watered my eyes, and the tears had a hint of guilt.

The closet slowly opened, exposing a small crack between the doors.

"You are not the coward I thought you were. You didn't need the drugs as catalyst. You are a man; the manliest of man!" I stared at the opening gap of the closet in excitement. I could feel the burning sensation of his fiery gaze, searching.

He was at the point of no return.

Old man Zhang didn't intend to turn back either.



Soon, water started pouring down inside the shower, and the steam slowly crept through the gap underneath the bathroom doors.

The closet doors opened.

Stark naked, old man Zhang crawled onto his feet. For reason I couldn't yet comprehend, he left his clothing and everything else inside the empty closet.

He first came to this world completely naked, and now he was about to embark on a new life journey the exact same way.

He had yet to reach the end.

Tears came rolling down my cheeks.

Uncontrollably, I began singing John Lennon's "Yellow Submarine".

My English was terrible; I never quite understood what the song meant. I only knew how to sing along thanks to the simple melody and the catchy lyrics. I let the vague meanings of the song, together with my indescribable feeling carry the words over my tongue, which ended up being automatically translated into some kind of bizarre dance.

The kind old man Zhang was making right now.

I don't think I have to go into too much detail of what happened next.

Surely, we have all seen it happen many times before?

What? I have to explain it anyway? I hope you are not here for the free erotic stories!

Old man Zhang went into the bathroom and hugged Miss. Chen from behind. Covering her eyes with shampoo bubbles, he entered her in the shower. The able body of a P.E teacher made his thrusts look violent and exaggerated.

From beginning till the end, old man Zhang did not utter a word except groaning heavily next to Miss. Chen's ears.

A beast did not speak.

It was something I had known ever since I was young.

But what surprised me was, Miss. Chen whose eyes were blinded by the bubbles.

She was only slightly panicky at the start, but in the ten minutes that followed, she held on to the washbasin in front of the mirror with both of her hands while snaking her waist in a way mirroring old man Zhang's thrust.

I suspected her to be a natural slut.

Given her attentiveness and sexual sensitivity, there was no way she didn't know it was someone else behind her, and not one of the two men whom she had hundreds times of sex with.

Yet, she cooperated fully, and instinctively.

She was a born harlot.

"Is it Mr. Zhang?"

Miss. Chen stopped shaking her hips and asked with a smile.

Old man Zhang's violent thrust suddenly halted half way.

Just one sentence and it made him devolve from the beast back to a man.

Unsure of what to do, he slowly retracted from Miss. Chen's body.

"Since you already did."

Miss. Chen didn't even bother to wipe away the white bubbles covering her eyes.

She lifted her rounded ass cheeks high up towards him.

Old man Zhang' adam's apple moved up and down.

His hesitation hummed through his throat before he could finish swallowing.

But he continued.

That is why I said, human is an exceptional species.

Sometimes we walk with two feet, and sometimes we do things with the mind of a beast.

Even after the deed, we can still retain the mind of a beast, only to rationalize our behaviour like we were walking with two feet.

Evolution does make sense that way.

Just like with operating systems, new software are always backwards compactable; what worked before has to work now.

Just like our minds, you can switch back anytime.

All we need to do is to change the hormone in our brain.

Old man Zhang lifted Miss. Chen up, all the way to her bed.

I swear I couldn't hear a word they said to each other while they were in bed.

A couple, even if it was a pretentious one, the embarrassing things they tell each other under the bed sheet were always spoken in whispers.

Another wild humping later.

I sat cross-legged, watching emotionlessly as everything took place.

These two had gone through natural selection and survival of the fittest; they had evolved to the next stage.

Bed had to be the best place to exchange our genetic information, but at the same time, it was also the best place to exchange the aspect of our soul.

I let the images freely guide my left hand moving up and down holding my cock. It didn't take long before I had to empty my sack inside the pudding box I finished eating and washed clean earlier.

Putting down the pudding box, my legs felt weak.

"Keep going, give it your best."

Even though I couldn't hear a word they said, it no longer mattered.

Watching the screen, I began to predict what would happen next, slowly. I wrote down my predictions.

Basically, the closer to the dark and madness they got, the easier they were to predict.

During the middle ages, when the black death was sweeping through all the major cities of Europe or during the pandemic of leprosy, the things the mass hysterical population often talked about were the impending doom of their world, even though the true culprit was rapidly spreading through their complex sewer systems.

Madmen's prediction often came true. Their confused eyes could see the future a normal person couldn't.

And so, people were afraid to put an end to the mysterious and terrifying prophet by setting them alight.

Instead, they let the prophets who lived on the edge of madness and death set sail, exiling them to the boundless ocean.

"Ship of fools", that was its name.

Ying Ru told me of the story once.

I think, I'm beginning to understand what she was trying to tell me.

It is the sudden turn of event after you have reached the end.

The ship of fools sailed away from the hopeless harbour, towards the endless sea.

A bleak future, yet free. Forever at sea, never to return to the falsehood of the civilization.

I considered a bit after seeing what I saw onscreen.

I believed that my prediction had come to fruition inside my mouth, seeking desperately to roll off my tongue.

I stood up. It was time to harvest the seeds I had sown for Bo Yan.

Picking up the pudding box, I went downstairs. On my way I took a glance at the mysterious wooden door leading to Ying Ru's room.

Behind that door, she was sitting on the bed, reading.

She hadn't requested any new plastic bags in the past few days, neither did she go out hunting with her huge suitcase.

She had been quiet. In other words, it was my time to shine.

I carefully entered Bo Yan's room; he was already sound asleep.

I gave him a lower dosage this time, but it didn't matter because Bo Yan was an expert in getting drugged.

He snored rhythmically; his skin felt warm at my touch. He was deep asleep.

After I stripped him naked, I noticed a note holding tightly in his hand: "Do you have a name? Why are you here? Please tell me."

What an idiot.

I looked at my watch; It was going to take at least an hour before Guo Li comes back from giving lectures at the University, and another thirty or so minutes after that before Lin Hu gets back from work at the convenient store.

No accidents were allowed today.

I carried Bo Yan on my back and went downstairs. Strangely, I was not nervous in the slightest.

Turning the handle of the door leading to Guo Li and Lin Hu's room, I dropped Bo Yan's naked body on their bed. Next, I flipped over the sheets left and right, making it look like the aftermath of a couple who just had some wild sex.

Finally I poured out the sperm inside the pudding box randomly around Bo Yan's backend as he lay face down on the messy sheets. Closing the door behind me, I went downstairs to the fridge and treated myself to a bottle of coke before returning to my room and readying myself for the exciting part coming next.

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# Chapter 9 – One out of two chances Part I

## Chapter 9 Part I

### One out of two chances

When Guo Li returned that afternoon, old man Zhang was still busy humping on Miss. Chen's bed.

Half past Six, Guo Li happily opened door with food in his hand.

"Surprise!" I shouted in excitement.

It was the young Bo Yan laying face down and naked on the bed.

And the air was filled with milky scent of sex.

Guo Li stood like a statue in front of the bed, unmoving.

His expression was cold, the kind that makes one shutter.

"Sit down." I said.

I knew Guo Li was someone who was warm on the outside but cold on the inside. When it comes to sex or love, at least between him and Ling Hu, he had always been the one on top.

When someone like him was faced with that kind of setback, before he could even get angry, he would already be surrounded by his own cold feeling of shame. I knew very well what it was like.

So, Guo Li really did sit down. He reached for the food and unpacked it.

One bite at the time, he chewed on the meat absentmindedly.

His eyes were filled with blood. Perhaps there had been a spark of light in them once upon a time, but it quickly disappeared.

Bo Yan was still asleep.

Guo Li finished up with his food, closing the box and wrapping it tight with plastic.

He stared at the door, refusing to face the naked Bo Yan.

He knew that brat was not the culprit of his humiliation. He was but a tool, a symbol.

Eighteen to seven.

The door opened.

Ling Hu stood dumbfounded at the door. He first looked at Guo Li who wouldn't say a word, then at the naked Bo Yan.

"You..."

It was as though he took a punch to the chest, I could immediately tell how every vessel in his body instantly began to expand.

Guo Li still hadn't said a word.

Normally he was very talkative, but now he was incredibly fragile. No matter what he might say, it could all end up taking away his self-esteem.

He could only choose silence. The sense of mortification had sealed his mouth shut.

But Ling Hu on the other hand, was cold on the outside but warm on the inside.

"What have you done?!" Ling Hu shouted angrily. He gave his fullest when it



comes to love. The bag of drinks suddenly left his hand, and was flung towards the emotionless Guo Li.

Nailed to his chair, Guo Li did not try to move away as the liquid splattered all over him.

“Why him?! What does he have that I do not?!”

Like a madman, Ling Hu swung his fist towards the sleeping Bo Yan, jolting him wild awake.

“Fuck you!” While crying like a girl, Ling Hu pummelled the face of the confused Bo Yan with the strength of ten.

Bang!

Bo Yan fell onto the bed, and the blood running down his nose painted the white pillow with red.

Guo Li didn't try to stop him, neither did he question.

He just sat there and enjoyed the show.

“Fuck! Are you crazy?!”

Bo Yan cursed at him, wobbling to his feet, but was dropped again instantly by Ling Hu's fist.

It was a heavy punch. Bo Yan tried to block it with his hands, but Ling Hu's fist still managed to find its way between Bo Yan's hands and landed square on his nose, sending Bo Yan's hair flying backwards.

Bo Yan fell off the bed and landed on his rear, shouting hurriedly: “Stop! Or I'm going to fight back! There is no need for this!”

Ling Hu's cheeks were reddened with tears, pointing at Guo Li who sat on the chair holding an empty food box: “What did you promise me?! Answer me if you still have a conscience, what did you promise me?!”

Guo Li's face showed a hint of disdain.

Even now you are trying to pretend? Guo Li must be thinking about that right now.

"Is this how you want to play it? Really? What have I done, that you have to do this to me?" Ling Hu held less and less control of his voice, shouting louder and louder.

Suddenly, Bo Yan seemed to have understood what was going on. Holding his broken nose and swollen cheeks together, he interrupted: "Hey, can you two homos listen to me? The reason I'm here, there is an explanation, albeit a bit strange..."

"Shut up!" Shouting, Ling Hu picked up the twenty-three pound dumbbell on the floor and flung it towards Bo Yan's head!

Don't! I leaped out of my seat.

Bo Yan fell down in a panic and the heavy dumbbell bounced against the wall. Bang!

"Are you crazy you fucking homo? What are you thinking?" Bo Yan responded angrily while consciously keeping his distance from Ling Hu.

"Bitch! Try say the word homo again!" Ling Hu shouted as he raised another dumbbell.

"Anyway, just listen to me. Lately every time I fell asleep, I would become someone else. That person would take off my clothes and walk around in my body. He may even know how to teleport..." Bo Yan shouted constantly while still sitting on the ground. His gaze fixated on the dumbbell in Ling Hu's hand.

"Shut up!" Ling Hu cried out.

Holding his swollen nose, Bo Yan was getting angry as well: "Who do you think you are? Why don't you go ask your ass fuck buddy over there if we had sex?"

Faggots like you are the ones I hate the most...”

Another dumbbell flew past Bo Yan’s head. This one smashed into the wall, spilling powder of lime all over the floor. Even though Bo Yan was angry, he was even more afraid, so much so that he was ready to make run for it.

“Are you done?”

Guo Li suddenly opened his lips, staring Ling Hu like a hawk. Yet, Ling Hu who was usually the meek one in the relationship did not avert from his icy gaze.

“Done? You better give me a straight answer today! Do you remember what you promised me? What do you take me for? You told me you wanted to have a normal family! You wanted to have children! I let you have them all! I let you have everything! And now! Now...” Ling Hu’s crying face in contrast to his muscular body made me laugh profusely in front of the screen. I almost ran out of breath.

“Hold on! Did you guys even listen to me? I don’t really care about what is going on between you two, but I don’t want you to think I was having sex with either of you. Everything is just a big misunderstanding...” “Bo Yan rambled on while rubbing his ass.

Suddenly, his face went pale.

It was all sticky.

Can the other me be a bloody faggot?

Bo Yan must to be crying on the inside right now.

“As you wish.” Guo Li sighed.

Picking up his empty food box and briefcase, he walked towards the door.

And with that, he most likely would never come back again.

“Don’t go!” Ling Hu broke down, dropping down to his knees.

Bo Yan who just experienced a heavy blow to his psyche dashed out of the hell hole that made him lose his mind during the confusion, and because of his nakedness, he started to run the moment he reached the hallway.

And I, started to run as well!

I purposely ran into Bo Yan in the hallway.

Pretending to stumble on my feet, the sudden exaggerated movement made Bo Yan lose his wit, and like a first time thief running into the police, he jumped.

“My god! Why... are you naked?” I shouted in surprise, appearing to be appalled.

Bo Yan gave me a hateful look, trying to open the door but I stopped him.

“Wait a second, this is wrong. I don’t really care since we are both men, but walking around naked in the hallway like this. I mean, you are a student, you should think about others as well. We have ladies in the house!” I complained and gave him a warning.

But my eyes were mercilessly scouring through his private parts.

Bo Yan’s face turned red and he was about to lose it.

I raised an eyebrow and questioned: “What is this strange smell? As if...”

“Fuck off! Mind your own business!” Bo Yan lashed out. Pushing me aside, he turned the doorknob only to slam it at my face seconds later.

Bang !

I smiled and went up the stairs again, continuing to enjoy the showdown between Guo Li and Ling Hu.

I didn't need to toy with Bo Yan, but it was top quality entertainment.

There were several pictures showing onscreen right now.

Old man Zhang just left, leaving Miss. Chen alone in the room watching some TVBS series. She didn't cry; she didn't flip out either. Everything seemed, normal.

Mr. Wang rested uneasily on his bed, rolling left and right, while his daughter sat in front of the desk doing homework. I could see her scratching with her eraser.

Ying Ru took a shower, opened a box of crackers and started reading.

Bo Yan spent the entire time in the shower, aiming the showerhead against his buttohole while scrubbing his lower regions with soap using his other hand. His facial expression was someone that needed to vent his anger, and thus he soon started thrashing and punching in the shower, leaving trails of red dribbling down the ceramic wall.

Meanwhile, Guo Li and Ling Hu continued their meaningless stare down.

You may think that such misunderstanding is not really a misunderstanding at all.

It is merely anger. Given time, once the initial emotions passed, both of them would eventually calm down.

However.

Humiliation is something very peculiar. It is not just an emotion that quickly goes away. It has roots deep in the human psyche, the kind that could corrupt even the human nature.

Once the rot eats away your self-esteem, one becomes completely blind to the obvious.

Guo Li sat alone on the chair, head down and eyes closed.

While Ling Hu stood next to the bed, staring at the messy bed sheets, stunned.

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# Chapter 9 – One out of two chances Part II

## Chapter 09 Part II

### One out of two chances

Looking at the two men on screen; a couple that used to love each other.

Reminded me of what happened back at high-school.

During the second year of high-school, there was a classmate and a good friend of mine, Ah Zhi.

One day, he borrowed my newly bought SYM Wolf to impress the girls, and on the same night, he called me outside with a sorry look on his face, telling me that he crashed my ride.

I was angry, enraged even, but other than wasting my energy staring at Ah Zhi, there was little else I could have done, even though that ride took me entire summer of hard work.

The second day, we saw each other at school and it was as if nothing had happened.

Because it was only a temporary emotional outburst.

But let me give you another example.

Back in College, the night I was expelled, my law teacher, who always hated me called me that night and humiliated me thoroughly.

“I told you that you wouldn’t last the semester. See? How more useless can you get, you good for nothing snob? Getting expelled is the best thing that has happened to you yet. You better find a place and start learning how to make noodles instead!”

I hanged up on him.

Even now, I still want to kill him.

Which is the reason I have been keeping a canister of gasoline under my bed.

The day I find my life empty and no longer longing, is the day I will pick up the gasoline and ride to the address I have memorized long ago.

That is the difference between humiliation and anger; it is like heaven and earth.

It is something a person could never forget, the moment their dignity was robbed away from them.

Some things, when taken away, can never be regained.

Perhaps, you often thought if you could just stomach the humiliation, everything would be better. But the shame would forever haunt you in your dreams, every time you breathe and every time you are the topic of the conversation. Like Han Xin<sup>[1]</sup>, whenever his name was mentioned, we would always talk about the time he had to suffer the humiliation of crawling between the legs of couple thugs, and so in essence, that idiot was pretty much remembered for thousands of years for crawling between someone's legs.

Again, just wait till you get the chance to take your dignity back, you would realize then, fuck, if you hadn't lost all that back then, you wouldn't have ended up this way. If Han Xin could speak to us now, he would tell you that he would rather never become a king, so he didn't have to endure the thousand years of shame.

"Do you understand?! Some things once done cannot be undone!"

Ling Hu cried out.

.....

Guo Li exhaled with a hint of contempt.



Ling Hu fell on the floor; his body trembled as he pulled himself together.

“Do you remember your promise, when we first met?” Ling Hu raised his head; he was devastated.

Guo Li jolted, but he quickly regained his metallic demeanor.

“Have you forgotten? You told me, if I feel I don’t have a reason to live anymore in this world, you would die with me, which is why you will give me all the happiness in the world, was it all a lie?”

Ling Hu’s voice pitched up and down like the broken plastic bag floating on the ocean.

Guo Li kept his eyes shut.

I knew for a fact, that the quiet Guo Li is much more dangerous right now than the more expressive Ling Hu.

“Will you die with me?” Ling Hu stood up and there was void in his eyes.

Ling Hu didn’t really need to die.

It is not like there is much difference between the way he is right now and a frozen corpse in the coffin anyway.

Slowly, Ling Hu opened the door and walked outside.

I watched through the pinhole cameras in the hallway as Ling Hu went down the stairs, one step at the time. Guo Li on the other hand, sat quietly, only his heart jumped.

Two minutes later, when Ling Hu came back through the doors, his hand was already holding the sharp sashimi knife he grabbed from the kitchen.

I saw everything as it unfolded; I couldn’t help but applaud for my excellent scriptwriting skills.

“I love you, Guo Li.”

Ling Hu went on his knees, holding the knife against his throat.

Ling Hu still loved Guo Li very much.

If Guo Li would just apologize, or perhaps encircle Ling Hu with his arms, the knife in Ling Hu’s hand would instantly fall on the floor.

Ling Hu could live without dignity.

As long as the void was filled with Guo Li’s love.

“Bitch.” Guo Li opened his eyes coldly.

Ling Hu cried, waving the blade hysterically.

I clenched my fists.

It was the moment of truth, between blood and love!

Guo Lo roared as he leaped off the chair.

The sharp edge of the blade instantly pierced into his shoulder, leaving a stream of red dripping down.

“Are you mad?!” Guo Li shouted as he swung his fist at Ling Hu, knocking him away.

“You told me you would never hit me!” Ling Hu wailed as he swung the blade in his hand once again aimlessly.

The blade lightly passed through the front of Guo Li’s nose, before I could even confirm Guo Li’s injuries, Ling Hu already lifted the sharp knife again; the knife sparkled in the air as drops of red separated from its blade. Ignoring his wounds, Guo Li pushed with both of his hands against the floor, trying to get up.

“Together!” Ling Hu cried out, clenching tightly with his fist.

“You stupid bitch!” Even though Guo Li was scared, the anger that had been brewing for so long finally reached its critical mass. Without hesitation, Guo Li leaped towards Ling Hu who still held a weapon in his hand.

Bang!

Two men rolled over each other on the floor; I couldn't spot that stupid knife no matter how hard I tried.

“Tell me you still love me!” Screaming, Ling Hu tried to force Guo Li back with his knee while Guo Li held tightly onto Ling Hu's right arm holding the knife.

“You stupid, bitch!” Guo Li exploded with rage.

And then, all the noises stopped.

I opened the door and went outside. I walked by the fourth floor, Ying Ru was obviously still in her room, reading, while Bo Yan was still in the bathroom, cleaning his asshole with the toothbrush.

Then I walked by the third floor. I glanced at the door leading to Guo Li and Ling Hu's room, and walked down to the second floor.

Miss. Chen and Mr. Wang were already in the hallway, gossiping about the event that just occurred with the different looks in their eyes.

“It is not often they have a fight, let's not make a scene of it.” I sighed.

Miss. Chen nodded and gave a knowing smile. Mr. Wang raised his eyebrow but didn't say much.

I raised my head and stared at the stairs leading to the third floor, recalling the images I saw.

Sharp blade penetrated Ling Hu's chest, all the way to the hilt.

Guo Li sat against the bedside; he was empty from the inside.

One out of two chances, how lucky I am.

In that critical moment, the muscular Ling Hu shook his head and let Guo Li take the knife from his hand.

The moment the blade pierced his heart, it was as if Ling Hu was in pain, yet he was smiling.

The way his lips moved was as though he was saying: "...You promised."

One out of two chances, how lucky I am.

Ling Hu let Guo Li take the knife away from him on purpose.

Guo Li who sat against the bedside seemed to be more confused than me, someone who wasn't even involved.

His pair of eyes had completely lost its soul.

One out of two chances, how lucky I am.

"Let's go back to our rooms and pretend nothing had happened. Let's not embarrass them." I sighed.

Miss. Chen and Mr. Wang obediently went back to their respective rooms.

I inhaled deeply.

If my observation of Guo Li proves to be accurate, tonight is merely the beginning.

Returning to my screens, Guo Li continued his disoriented mental state.

The cold and sharp knife still protruded from the now silent Ling Hu’s chest.  
Blood soaked the floor.

“What are you waiting for?” I gasped.

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[\[1\]](#) **Han Xin** (died 196 BC) was a military general who served **Liu Bang** (Emperor Gaozu of Han) during the Chu–Han Contention and contributed greatly to the founding of the Han dynasty. **Han Xin** was named as one of the "Three Heroes of the early Han dynasty" (漢初三傑), along with **Zhang Liang** and **Xiao He**.

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# Chapter 9 – One out of two chances Part III

## Chapter 9 – Part III

### One out of two chances

Later that day, old man Zhang came back carrying a bag of takeout and went into Miss. Chen's room. Miss. Chen quickly took hold of her new fuck-buddy and told him all about the fight Guo Li and Ling Hu have had upstairs. Although old man Zhang tried to show his interest, he was really too busy groping Miss. Chen's tits.

In the room across the hall, Mr. Wang was busy answering the thousands of questions coming from his daughter, even though she was supposed to be doing her homework at that time. Such as, "what is homosexual?" etc... But his answers were disappointingly backwards. Most of them were about how perverted it was, and how homosexuality was the result of poor upbringing. Then, he went on a nonsensical rant about how AIDS was caused by the unseemly sexual conduct of homosexuals. He even got his daughter to refrain from talking to Guo Li or Ling Hu unless spoken to.

Of course, even if the girl wanted to, it would be pretty hard for her to ever speak with Ling Hu again.

Because, well... Guo Li had 'accidentally' killed him.

Then again, it was lucky that it was Guo Li who survived; if the opposite was true, my plans would not have been so...interesting.

The madness in my head must have unlocked my ability to predict the future.

During that moment, I watched Guo Li's paralyzed gaze through the screen. Guo Li had been sitting there for more than half an hour; even his shoulder wound had already stopped bleeding.

His young and strong lover had yet to close his eyes; his pair of pupils stared soullessly at the ceiling.

In the midst of chaos, the emotional Ling Hu gave his life to the one he loved, and his lover did not disappoint.

In that instant, Guo Li did not hesitate for even a second.

Just like that, a well-respected, accomplished Guo Li who had a family...a wife and kids... 'accidentally' pushed a sharp blade into Ling Hu's chest.

Guo Li watched Ling Hu's faded visage in silence, a face he knew and loved, but didn't drop a single tear.

The immense shock he experienced overwhelmed all his other senses.

Was there regret?

If someone feels regretful after being thoroughly humiliated, then he is pretty much a walking corpse at that point, like the way Guo Li was now.

As to what needs to be done after, well...it won't matter at all whether he was regretful or not.

One has to go through all kinds of training society has to offer in their lifetime, be it spiritual, physical, educational, or recreational. The final result of all this training will only show its value in the most extreme situations.

What someone is made of and how far they will go all depends on what they do in the moment.

And I, well, I've already seen what Guo Li could become after reaching the end. He can do it.

I just need to give him a tiny bit of inspiration.

Standing up absentmindedly, Guo Li carried Ling Hu's body to the bathroom.

He washed his body over and over to get rid of the bloodstain. Then, he began to mop the floor, removing any sign of struggle from the bedroom.

In the closet, he picked out a similar colored shirt for himself before he finally sat back down on the bed.

His brows were locked together tightly, as if he was deep in thought. Sometimes, he calmly clenched his fists. Sometimes, he shook his head and cried.

The cops could easily find the bloodstain on the floor by using some special kind of UV light. I know it. You do too. I smiled. If you bleached the floor, the forensic experts will be able to tell you used a great deal of bleach to clean it through chemical testing, automatically making the whole thing very suspicious. I know it. You do too. Taiwan Police Force may not be the wisest lot out there, but at least they know how to follow procedures.

I watched Guo Li with satisfaction.

Guo Li's eyes, on the other hand, scanned the room aimlessly.

If you want to get rid of the body, you don't have a suitcase big enough to fit a person, especially a muscular man like Guo Li. This means you'll need to buy one from the market downstairs. But once the police discover the body, they'll look at the suitcase itself, and find out where it was from, and perhaps even who bought it through CCTV footage. I know it. You do too. I joyously massaged my chin while trying to figure out what Guo Li would do.

Guo Li unclenched his fists. They were trembling.

If you are planning to dismember the body before getting rid of it, you lack the proper experience. Besides, I doubt you have the stomach for something like that even if you tried. But let's say you made up your mind; you can't do it now.



You have to wait until the blood becomes coagulated first or else it'll spray all over the place, leaving all kinds of evidence in the room. I know it. You do too. I clapped satisfyingly. All the CSI series I've watched have finally come to use.

Guo Li has to be desperate now; I doubt he could come up with anything good under the circumstances. I'm guessing he is most likely going to give himself up.

But I can't let him do that.

He just needs a little bit of encouragement...a little bit of time to work it out.

It's not like he is giving birth; there's no hurry. Other than me, nobody knows he just committed murder!

So I picked up the phone.

The sudden phone ring made Guo Li jump up like a scared little cat.

Looking over at the phone, Guo Li took a deep breath.

"Hello? Am I speaking to Guo Li or Ling Hu?" I asked gently.

"It's me, Guo Li." Guo Li's voice was a little hoarse, but he was calm.

"Aah, it's nothing important, just that you guys were getting really loud. I don't mind, but you know, it's getting late..." I pretended to be apologetic.

"I'm really sorry. It...it's OK now. We've..." Guo Li hesitated; his facial expression was filled with pain.

"Aah, you guys made up? That's good. I'm glad that all is well!" I smiled. "Then I won't bother you anymore; it's late. Good night."

"Aah yes. Thanks." Guo Li hung up the phone but didn't move from where he sat.

I stared at him.

Once you start to lie, you can never stop. The third rule of life.

Especially for a well-respected university professor. He could never let his wife

or children discover his secret identity, or let himself be a subject of questioning from the police, court, or media. He had to keep lying, find new motivation, become someone else and hide the part of him the world didn't know about.

Let the endless lies spread.

Standing back up, Guo Li dressed himself and went out the door after locking it behind him.

I immediately rushed down the stairs in order to get in his way while leaving, pretending to go out for late night snacks myself.

Guo Li saw me approaching and smiled. His smile was rigid and apologetic at the same time.

That level of acting was barely acceptable, but his inner operating system was still in need of an upgrade.

"Mr. Guo Li, heading out at this hour? Going back home?" I greeted him.

"Yes. Ling Hu and I, we had a small misunderstanding. I'm in a bad mood, so I'm going home to sleep." Guo Li sighed.

"Mr. Li..." I put my arm over Guo Li's shoulder and kept my voice low. "It's really none of my business but...Ling Hu has been acting strange recently. When you're not around, he would go over to the room of that stupid brat on the fourth floor, often for hours on end. Sometimes that stupid brat would go down and find him; they seem to get along really well. Fuck, even I can't stand what's been going on."

"Really?" A hint of anger flashed past Guo Li's eyes.

"Are you guys having problems? I haven't seen you guys together as much lately." I seemed concerned.

"A little bit. Sometimes, I don't understand the thoughts of the young people. But it's not a big deal. Misunderstandings...usually don't last." Guo Li sounded reluctant and his gaze was unfocused, but his eyes seemed more believable.

“That’s good to hear...maybe I’m overthinking it.” I smiled. “Last time I saw Ling Hu in the hallway, we had a chat. He mentioned that he wanted to move out. That really gave me a good scare. If he left, I doubt you would stay here either. It’s hard to find new tenants these days. I really hope you guys will stay here for many more days to come! Haha!”

Guo Li was somewhat surprised, but quickly regained his composure and even turned a bit excited.

Hurry and take your chances indeed. You’re a smart guy, you know what to do!

“Ling Hu...indeed, he did mention it to me. He told me that he thought about leaving me. Hmm...and go live alone in another place. In the end, I have a family and he doesn’t. I understand his reasoning. *Sigh...* We’ve been together for a while and he deserves better. We shouldn’t have fought over something like this. It was my fault. I was being selfish.” Guo Li sighed. His expression was incredibly gentle.

“I see. It makes sense; you guys have been together for a while so it may not be a bad thing if Ling Hu wants to go his separate ways. He’s young. Always working at the convenience store just seems strange.” I agreed with everything Guo Li said while deep down, I had to commend him for his excellent acting.

Guo Li opened the front door and I followed closely behind.

“Right, Ling Hu was exhausted. He’s sound asleep right now. Please let him have a good night’s rest. I’ll come over tomorrow.” Guo Li said as he turned towards me, in a way that seemed very considerate.

“I understand.” I nodded, smiling.

Guo Li started the car he had parked outside and left.

I smiled on my way back.

Humans often fall prey to their desires.

The reason Adam and Eve ate the fruit from the Tree of Knowledge<sup>[1]</sup> had nothing to do with how tasty it looked.

But because the naughty God who kept telling them they shouldn't and the fact that the God grew a huge tree full of fruit in the garden.

Guo Li left, but he will be back just like he said. He has to return tomorrow before the body starts to smell, and deal with Ling Hu who was supposed to be leaving for another place.

Then again, what would someone as educated as Guo Li, someone who has watched so many police series, do to clean up after the murder?

Perhaps Guo Li would muster up his courage and chop Ling Hu's body into tiny little pieces, then pack them up and take them somewhere he could incinerate them in a high temperature oven, turning the pieces of Ling Hu's body into ashes so fine that not even DNA could be extracted from them.

Ling Hu would disappear forever.

Or maybe Guo Li would bring a giant suitcase or big sturdy canvas bag with him. Then, he would take Ling Hu to somewhere remote and dispose of his body in a pool of acid.

As long as he doesn't leave the suitcase carrying the body behind, chances of it leading back to him are slim.

Ling Hu will forever become an abandoned corpse somewhere in a desolate mountain.

This reminds me of a movie directed by Ho Ping called The Rules of the Game<sup>[2]</sup>. I still remember it to this day.

"It's easy to steal the money, but it's harder to use it. It's easy to kill someone, but it's harder to hide it." That was pretty much what the movie was about.

Taiwan has about a hundred thousand missing person's cases annually. Many

of them are long dead, but none of those deaths are recorded.

They simply vanished.

If you want to commit a murder and hide it from others, you must have a plan. You can't just randomly throw the body into the sea. Once the sea level rises, another murder victim will be washed ashore. Or randomly ditch the victim's body somewhere in the graveyard and let someone discover it in the morning.

Once it's determined that the cadaver is a murder victim, then there is a murderer. Once that becomes a fact, the murderer will have to bear the risk of being captured. Unless they have no motive at all, chances are that the murderer and their victim will have many interconnecting links. You're pretty much done for if the link is found.

In other words, I have to remind everyone that a smart criminal has to make someone disappear, not get someone 'killed'. Only then can he or she escape scot-free.

Bodies shouldn't be thrown away; they should be cremated or buried.

'With hard work comes great reward' is one of the Chinese people's virtues.

Guo Li has probably started thinking about where he wanted to bury the body by now. Once he makes up his mind, he'll go to that remote place the next day and dig a deep hole where he will place Ling Hu's naked body after carrying it there in the suitcase.

There, he would open the suitcase and dump the body into the hole.

Will someone find it? Who knows? Perhaps in a few years some archaeologist would excavate it and may even call the place an ancient grave site. He may even end up contributing to some scientific discovery!

Besides, even if the police did come here to investigate the missing person, Guo Li could say that Ling Hu has left town and ask me to be his witness.

Not bad for a highly educated professor. With a little help from my end, he has quickly unleashed his excellent potential.

Between Guo Li and the end of the road, the distance has begun to widen,

Soon, the shadow of his car disappeared behind the dark corners of the street. Through the soft friction the tires made on the road, I could feel his hands gradually stabilize behind the steering wheel.

The cold night gale washed over me as the streetlight flashed under the blue moonlight, covering my face in a glow of greenish blue.

“But, so what?” I smiled, and then laughed.

I’m the landlord here!

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[\[1\]](#) The Tree of Knowledge, which God said was off-limits from Adam and Eve for a good reason; it is supposed to contain knowledge of all things, including sin. The giant fruit tree grew in the centre of the Garden of Eden, a paradise-like setting. However, temptation was too strong and the Devil persuaded Eve (who later persuaded Adam) to eat the fruit. Once they ate the fruit, Adam and Eve’s innocence vanished and both were banished from the Garden of Eden for eternity.

[\[2\]](#) Some Taiwanese movie, it just happen to have the same English name as some old English movies.

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# Chapter 10 – Part I

## Chapter 10 Part I

Guo Li left.

After I got back to my room, I quickly turned my attention to the various images showing on my screens, but my mind at the time was still lingering in the fleeting moment of joy earlier.

In my encounter with Guo Li, there was no doubt that I was holding the upper hand.

A popular and famous professor from Tunghai University was being toyed with by a college dropout, a good-for-nothing middle-aged guy. That simple thought made me laugh uncontrollably, so much that my jaw began to hurt.

That night, old man Zhang didn't return to his room; he fell asleep on Miss. Chen's bed. During only the short moment I sat in front of the screens, the PE teacher old man Zhang already did it three times with Miss. Chen. He probably thought he was in an adult movie.

If only they knew that they were but pawns in a much larger game, and that the gears of the dark prophecy will soon crush this pair of lechers under its teeth.

And its main rotating shaft was none other than my own delicate design, the teleporter Bo Yan.

That night, after Bo Yan furiously slammed the door behind him, I could hear the humming sound of a race car engine speeding through the quiet alleyway.

A stupid student of the twenty-first century, an idiot no school really wanted but was forced to accept. Pfft, his inner psyche was so terribly fragile, like a silkworm making its cocoon; the more silks it makes, the smaller it gets.

I used to keep a silkworm in my pencil box during my third year in elementary

school. When it started entering the pupal phase of its lifestyle and enclosed itself in a cocoon, I would constantly poke holes in it with a pen, tearing apart the seams over and over again until finally, it wasn't able to complete it. Its body would turn a pale yellow colour and soon after, it would curl into a ball and die. A pitiful creature.

I got off track.

A failure of a student like Bo Yan, even after being fucked once in the ass, he still had to cause trouble and wake everyone as he raced through the streets late in the night. A typical social disgrace, he just had to be a pain in the ass no matter what.

I got off track again. Every time I got to talk about Bo Yan, I would unconsciously end up going too far.

I made my move the moment Bo Yan left the house.

I took a huge plastic bag with me as I went into his room. First thing I did was dropping some potent sleeping pills into his unfinished can of Coke. (It doesn't really matter when or where, no habit is a good one, because it usually ends up being detrimental to your health. Ying Ru is surprisingly a master in this aspect of life.) So I went into Guo Li's room and bagged Ling Hu's slightly decayed body. I even carefully tied two knots just in case.

I playfully wiggled my tongue as I did that.

I wonder what kind of painful and tragic expression would appear on Guo Li's face once he discovers the sudden disappearance of the body from his bathroom. I couldn't wait to see it.

I poked my head out into the hallway, inhaling deeply, and dragged the stupidly heavy and certainly dead Ling Hu onto the lift. Then I pressed the up button.



Clack!

The old lift moved incredibly slowly both on its way up and down. The torturous delay, combined with ear splitting sound coming from the gears grinding against each other made my heart pound. Even if you told me ten ghost stories right now, I would believe them all.

Time passed like a snail while inside the lift, in complete contrast to the time I spent watching through the hidden cameras.

Merely being trapped in a small enclosed space with a dead body would make my stomach boil, but now that it was really happening, I found myself unafraid. Compared to the time I stumbled into the half-dead, half-alive body inside Ying Ru's room, this simply paled in comparison.

I lowered my head and gave the plastic bag a kick. I couldn't tell which part of him I just kicked. I tried to smile.

Because any smile I made would have been the coolest of all smiles. It would make me a real killer, profoundly so.

But for some reasons I couldn't explain, I failed to form the dimples on my cheeks like I used to.

Does that mean that I still have a shred of humanity within me?

By the time I'm able to laugh while staring at a dead body, would I have finally become a cold blooded monster?

No, I've never seen Ying Ru do such a thing in front of her victims, not even the slightest hint of a smile.

Nope, I can't recall having seen any.

If killing does not make Ying Ru happy, then why does she kill without reason?

The senseless question kept swirling inside my head. Suddenly, the old lift came to a halt and the green metal fences slowly opened to its left. Just when I

was about to drag Ling Hu outside the lift doors, a shadow suddenly appeared as I raised my head...

Ying Ru was standing outside, holding a black plastic bag of similar weight of her own and smiling.

I had known that bloody black plastic bag for a long time. I had seen it.

She could have thrown it away any time, but no, she had to run into me in a critical moment like this.

It had to be the metallic sound of the lift that awoke Ying Ru from her slumber.

It had to be. She had to be doing this on purpose.

“That’s right,” I returned with a gentle smile, “I usually throw the trash out late at night.”

“Shouldn’t you be going down then?” Ying Ru smiled while dragging the plastic bag into the already cramped lift.

“I should. But I’m weird that way. Haha.” I laughed.

Strangely, maybe because I knew what was inside Ying Ru’s plastic bag, a corpse just like mine, the similarity of the situation we found ourselves in as accomplices had given me courage.

Clack.

Pushing the fence open, I calmly dragged Ling Hu out of the lift. The way the black plastic bulged made me realize something: a body without its limbs severed obviously looked like a body, even when it was wrapped in plastic.

But so what?

I stopped before the lift doors closed behind me and turned towards her.

“Right, what is in your bag? It smells!” I purposely gave her a frown.

“Nothing, just some leftovers.” Ying Ru smiled as the fences closed in front of me.

“Haha, and there I thought you have a body in there.” I pretended to make a joke as I watched Ying Ru’s same pretty face slowly descending down the shaft, further and further.

Then it disappeared.

The instant I opened the doors, I noticed that my hand holding the silver handle was shaking excitedly, unable to stop.

Of all those dark encounters I had had with my mentor, it was the first time I had not faltered.

I kicked Ling Hu again, but harder this time.

Bang! Right in his face.

Now that we have gotten this far, surely, the experienced ones amongst you can already guess what I’m about to do next.

How funny, is it possible that none of you are any wiser?

Or perhaps, I’m no longer mortal.

Looking back at the black plastic bag sitting in the corner of the room, made me wonder how Ling Hu feels curling up inside like a baby.

I wasn’t sure if he was in a state of peace, but the dead probably couldn’t feel a thing anyway, and thus he wouldn’t mind if I gave him another kick to the face.

I hit something hard.

Everyone could become a tough guy when they are dead.

Bo Yan didn't come back till mid day; the sound of him slamming the doors woke me.

It is a good thing for a lazy ass student like Bo Yan to be cynical. Criticizing society can often be a great way to create a sophisticated cover; it makes him look more intelligent as a whole.

I watched Bo Yan moving through the screens; his face had a few more scratches, and the corner of his mouth was swollen. He probably got into a fight with someone, somewhere, in order to vent his anger.

"Why don't you go farm the fields, tough guy?" I mocked him.

Bo Yan drank the half-empty can of Coke as he began to play a FPS[\[1\]](#) on the PC called Medal of Honor. Slowly, in the midst of enemy fire on Omaha beach on the French coast, Bo Yan's head fell flat against his keyboard.

The battle did not cease because of it, even after the heavy machine guns inside the enemy bunkers grinded Bo Yan's virtual character into a pulp.

"Action!" I smiled.

Before the complex ending of our movie takes center stage, I want to talk about the other characters for a bit.

This is an eight dimensional world. After all this time, you should have learned to see things from eight different perspectives.

Mr. Wang left early this morning with his daughter. That's all right; I don't have a scene for them today.

To be frank, I respect Mr. Wang a lot. Even though I dosed him with aphrodisiac every night, he still managed to sleep with a hard on. He didn't even need to relief himself in the bathroom. Every night, he would fall asleep holding

his lovely daughter tightly in his arms, but I could tell he was in agony as he wiggled his lower body back and forth.

Meanwhile, I have altered my prophecy. I now have a new screenplay waiting for Mr. Wang to get into. His new role will be much more suited for someone of his talent.

After a day of marathon style love making, old man Zhang and Miss Chen left the room together. However, they did not both appear side by side like a pair of sticky gums, instead, they came through the drawing room separately, and very quietly.

Miss. Chen was supposed to take her taller boyfriend home tonight, which meant that old man Zhang would knowingly stay in his own room.

I wasn't really afraid of old man Zhang suddenly skipping work either; he simply didn't have a reason to.

But I have to say it again: the reason I gave old man Zhang the power to sneak into other people's rooms was not simply for his insatiable lust for women, but most importantly to satisfy his dark peeping fetish.

And there was another woman inside this apartment house.

Of course, I had to admit, I wouldn't want old man Zhang to sneak into Ying Ru's room too early, or everything else would have lost their purpose. But I wouldn't get in his way if he insisted.

What about Ying Ru?

Well, she hadn't come back after she left last night.

Ying Ru had never been a part of my script; she was more like a temporary hired-gun, or some unrelated actor from the studio next door. I wouldn't even know if she would bring back another trophy tonight or not.

But I remained hopeful, like a brat constantly staring at the stocking hung on a Christmas Eve.

Meanwhile, Guo Li, a main character of this scene, was probably trying to dig a hole somewhere. Somewhere far away and remote. Or he was preparing the tools and gathering the strength he would need for whatever he was about to do tonight. More importantly, he was formulating a plan.

All plans required preparation.

Anyways, there was nothing stopping me now.

So, I dragged Ling Ru's heavy corpse into Bo Yan's room.

Bo Yan was drooling so much it had covered his keyboard. This time he didn't leave a message trying to communicate with "his other self" before he fell asleep.

I untied the plastic bag and slowly pulled Ling Hu's gradually stiffened body from the bag. A pool of ooze or some sort of red and yellowish liquid streamed along with his body and over the floor.

Even now, that sharp knife was still stuck in Ling Hu's chest.

I wasn't sure if Ling Hu's decayed blood would coagulate like a pig's would, or would it gush out like a fountain if I were to pull the knife out right now. Just to be sure, I proceeded with caution. Besides, the knife shrouded the body with the mystery of murder, so I chose to leave the knife where it was.

I carefully repositioned Ling Hu's body under Bo Yan's bed, leaving a small section of his arm exposed on purpose. Then I stripped Bo Yan naked as usual. Out of curiosity, I took a look at his asshole, and damn, his rear end was swollen red from all the scrubbing. He was clearly extremely homophobic.

Karma.

After I hid away Bo Yan's clothing, I carried the naked Bo Yan on my back and went down with the lift. Opening Miss Chen's door, I tugged Bo Yan away under her bed, and I was smiling the whole way through. However, this time I hid Bo Yan well and did not purposely leave a part of his body exposed.

I closed the doors with satisfaction before I returned to my own room and took

a nap.

Tonight is show time; I have to make sure I'm ready.

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[\[1\]](#) FPS = First person shooter.

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# Chapter 10 – Part II

## Chapter 10 Part 2

It was night.

A night belonged to the greatest of the dark prophets.

Miss Chen just went into her room, arm-in-arm with the taller one of her boyfriends and she was smiling the whole way through. When she passed by Old man Zhang on his way down towards the fridge, the perverted old man made use of her boyfriend's blind spot and gave her rounded bottom a tight squeeze.

Miss Chen frowned at him, but went through the door anyway.

"I was really busy at work today, especially this afternoon when director told me to sort the files. So I didn't have time to visit your department. I hope you don't mind." The boyfriend smiled as he untied his tie.

"Is that so? I saw you getting quite friendly with your new secretary not too long ago, surely a naïve little girl recently graduated from college is no match for me?" Miss Chen remarked sarcastically.

"She is definitely not as slutty as you are!" The man laughed, pushing Miss Chen down and began to help her out of her blue dress. Miss Chen didn't wait either, closing in for a kiss, barely giving him the chance to breath.

I smiled as I watched the pair undress each other as their bodies and eyes expressed their primal lust.

At the same time, another main character had appeared in the camera of the drawing room.

He was a completely different person from last night.

Today, he was energetic, confident, and not a wrinkle in his ironed shirt. The briefcase he carried, however, was of a much larger size than usual.

He was Guo Li.

Based on his spirited appearance, he had clearly gone through the details of



how to dispose of the body several times already; he probably thought he had the perfect plan.

Guo Li was just about to go upstairs, when he met Old man Zhang around the corner holding a plate of watermelon slices he took from the fridge. I saw them walking upstairs and conversing casually with each other.

Miss Chen was out of her dress; she had let the man lift her by her waist. His well endowed private parts rapidly penetrated her elegant form in midair, his butt cheeks clenched and relaxed in rhythm with his every thrust. Her moans continued to escalate to the point I thought she couldn't take it anymore. I could almost feel her juices splashing all over my face.

The bed shook violently as it creaked from the thrusting motion.

Miss Chen moaned louder and louder, as if she wasn't loud enough to catch Old man Zhang's attention before.

When Old man Zhang and Guo Li passed through Miss Chen's door on their way up while she moaned nonstop on the other side, they instinctively looked at each other and they both smiled.

Mr. Wang just happened to walk out at the same time.

Seeing Guo Li and Old man Zhang standing right in front of his doorstep, he forced his face into a smile despite being in a foul mood.

"Fuck me! Fuck me! Fuck me harder!" Miss Chen screamed. Her legs kicked wildly every time her boyfriend entered her.

Based on his previous records, and his expression with teeth clenched, he was going to last ten seconds at the most.

Bonk!

The man frowned, and his thrusts began to slow down.

"Don't stop!" Miss Chen complained while her big pair of breasts bounced in the air.

But the way he stared at the bed, he was clearly feeling uneasy with the whole

situation. Despite Miss Chen's constant nagging, telling him to continue, his thrusts weren't nearly as forceful as before.

Bonk! Bonk!

Whatever it was, it scared the shit out of him and made him lose his grip on Miss Chen.

Bleary-eyed Bo Yan crawled out from under the bed, and when he saw the sweat soaked couple above him, he screamed.

"Woah!" Bo Yan panicked, and hit the wall as tried to get up.

"Ouch!" Miss Chen's hair was a total mess after she fell on her back.

"What the fuck!" The man cursed as he rolled off the bed.

Old man Zhang and Guo Li had already passed through the corridor and were on their way up to the third floor when the screams came. Out of pure curiosity, they glanced back at the empty hallway.

Guo Li wasn't really interested in any of it however, because he had more important business to take care of tonight. Ignoring Old man Zhang's excited hand gestures, he continued on to his room.

"What the fuck! Why the fuck are you here?!" The man quickly recognized Bo Yan as one of the other tenants. He wasted no time swearing all kinds of nasty stuff at him, completely ignoring the fact that Bo Yan was naked.

Bo Yan tried to speak, but no words came out. He didn't try to cover up his private parts either; he had the look of a glazed man suffering from extreme shock.

"Bitch! Why is that fucking brat under your bed?!" The man was furious; his angry gaze shifted towards Miss Chen.

Miss Chen didn't have an answer for him; her stiffened body curled up in the bed.

"Bitch! You did this on purpose!" The man shouted, and kicked. Miss Chen screamed in agony when one of the kicks landed on her chest. Before she could recover, the man dragged her by the hair and gave her another slap on the face.

The force of the slap dazed her, leaving a burning red palm mark on her pretty face. Her eyes were filled with terror.

"Wait! Listen to me!" Bo Yan seemed to have regained some of his wits, trying his hardest to explain.

I laughed and clapped loudly. This was simply too much fun.

Knock Knock! Knock Knock!

Old man Zhang worriedly knocked on the door. Even now he wanted to be the hero of the story.

"What is going on? Do you need help?" Old man Zhang shouted over the door. Mr. Wang expressed his concern as well; Mr. Wang was not beyond his own curiosity, but he did lock his door, keeping his meddlesome daughter away from the nasty business ahead while standing behind Old man Zhang himself.

"Bitch! You stupid whore!" The man slapped Miss Chen's pretty face several times in a row with the strength of a heavy weight fighter. He lifted her by the waist, but this time he hurled her from the bed.

Bo Yan quickly moved out of the way, avoiding the already exposed Miss Chen in case the misunderstanding got any worse. But as a result, Miss Chen fell painfully against the hardened surface and continued to tumble. She was a total mess; both of her cheeks were swollen.

"Please listen, I have a special power, and I can't control it..." Bo Yan hurriedly tried to explain, but the man never gave him a chance. Jumping down from the bed, he punched him in the face. Disoriented from the impact, Bo Yan lost his footing and tumbled backwards.

Knock Knock! Knock Knock!

“Miss Chen, can you open the door?” Old man Zhang overheard the sound of struggling and knocked the door harder. Mr. Wang, standing beside him, was about to call the cops but Old man Zhang stopped him.

I know very well the kind of person Old man Zhang is...He would rather watch Miss Chen get beaten to death than using the spare keys in his pocket to open the door. A peeping tom is always and will always be most protective of themselves.

Miss Chen quickly covered herself with a piece of clothing and stumbled towards the door, but before she could reach it, the man pulled her back by the hair and threw her on the ground. The pain made her scream.

“You want to open the door? Is another one of your fuck buddies waiting outside?!” The man raged, and kicked her again. Miss Chen turned away in terror, but the kick still landed on her back.

Bo Yan scrambled onto his feet, but in that instant, he had none of the fury or bravery befitting of a man. He was more like a scared little cat.

“Mister, please listen to me. You can ask the gay couple upstairs. They saw me yesterday...” Before Bo Yan could finish his sentence, the man swung another fist at him, leaving Bo Yan with no choice but to try to defend himself.

While all that was going on, Miss Chen couldn't care less about the shame of her exposed self and dashed towards the door, unlocking it.

“Stupid bitch!” The man exploded and dashed towards her, fist swinging.

The sudden appearance gave Old man Zhang a shock, but not enough to startle. He immediately darted towards the male and turned it into a street brawl.

“Zhang Ge[\[1\]](#)! Don't hold back! He was hurting me!” Miss Chen barely managed to finish her sentence. The feeling of her red swollen cheeks spoke a mixed emotion of shame and anger.

“What did you call him?!” The man shouted angrily.

“That is none of your business!” Old man Zhang answered back.

As expected from a P.E. teacher, he probably practised judo before. In one move, he flipped the man upside down and locked the man’s neck with his arm. Looking back at Miss Chen’s scared and fragile body trembling in the corner against the closet, his manliness demanded retribution.

“You asshole!” Old man Zhang’s swung a fist that landed square on the man’s nose. Unable to move, the man took the full brunt of the punch. Even I could feel his pain.

Bo Yan was completely lost. He stood against the wall, wondering how to even begin making sense of the situation.

“Bo Yan, why are you standing over there naked?” Only now did Old man Zhang notice Bo Yan’s puzzling existence, but the man under his arm lock decided to twitch at the wrong time and earned himself another punch to the face. This time it left him unconscious.

“He was hiding under my bed without clothes on, Zhang Ge, what did you...” Miss Chen cried, her words laced with dissatisfaction.

“Hey, Bo Yan! Where did you get the keys into Miss Chen’s room?” Old man Zhang interrupted loudly. His deep voice was his way of telling Miss Chen to shut up and not expose his secret.

“I don’t have any keys. I just have another personality. He only appears when I’m asleep...and he likes to run around naked,” Bo Yan complained. “I think he’s able to go through walls. I have no idea how I got here.”

Miss Chen’s high pitched voice seemed to be in protest against such ridiculous plea.

“Shall I call the cops?” Mr. Wang whined on the side while trying his hardest to not stare at the naked Miss Chen.

“No need, I’m here. Everything is under control!” Old man Zhang declared strongly and gave another punch to the already unconscious fellow below him. The pain woke him up and he screamed. Old man Zhang didn’t waste time and dragged the man out of the door, shouting: “Asswipe! Woman beating bastard!” He quickly folded the man’s shirt and pants into a bulb and threw them outside

the door.

The man knew he had met his match. He quickly picked up his clothes and shouted back: “Bitch, I will beat you again if I see you at work!” With that he ran down the stairs while occasionally stopping to put on his pants.

Meanwhile, Guo Li sat speechless outside his bathroom; his pale and baffled face said it all.

That was the most epic scene of the whole night.

Ling Hu had disappeared from his bathroom.

Guo Li’s briefcase lay unpacked on the floor, with a series of tools waiting to be put to use. He clearly had a plan for everything.

A canvas bag, surgery knife, saw, mask, pair of gloves, lime powder, and even rain boots...

But just when he finally managed to muster his courage and opened the bathroom doors... all his plans went up in smoke.

Sitting quietly in front of the screens, I found myself enjoying the slowly expanding urine stain over Guo Li’s black dress pants.

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[\[1\]](#) Ge = Brother, in Chinese culture it is an honorific used to show affection or intimacy, or used for an older male friend or relative.

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# Chapter 11 – Chaotic Setting Part I

## Chapter 11 Part 01

### Chaotic Setting

Two spectacular movies were being played at the same time in the apartment house.

One was a complex psychological thriller.

The other was a horror movie with an absurd conspiracy theory.

Mr. Wang went back to his room, locking the door behind him and deciding to stay out of whatever was happening. But his curiosity quickly got the better of him, so he actually just closed the door so he could eavesdrop on what was going on in the hallway without being obvious.

“Speak! Why are you hiding under my bed! Did he give the keys to you!?!” Miss Chen screamed hysterically at Bo Ya while pointing at Old man Zhang.

“Why would I give the keys to him? I have no reason to!” Old man Zhang was getting irritated and angry at the same time; how dare she expose his secret.

Bo Yan covered his private parts, shaking his head violently: “I don’t have your keys! Besides, if my intentions were to peak, why would I come out from under the bed?”

Miss Chen didn’t care, she already made up her mind; it had to be Old man Zhang’s keys, screaming: “You damn pervert! It had to be you!” And she flung the pillow in Old man Zhang’s face.

Old man Zhang awkwardly caught the pillow, his face full of unanswered questions. He turned to Bo Yan: “Dipshit, you better give us a good explanation, or I will call the cops on your ass!”

“Call if you dare,” the agitated Bo Yan screamed back. “Fuck you! I’m not

afraid of you!”

Old man Zhang twitched his neck, but just when he was about to get physical, Miss Chen buried her face in her hands and cried: “Get the fuck out, the both of you! Get out! I’m changing my locks tomorrow! You are both fucking perverts!”

Old man Zhang wanted to explain but he didn’t know how. Bo Yan, on the other hand, was relieved to hear Miss Chen telling him to get lost. He quickly lifted his naked butt cheeks and ran. Taking the opportunity, Old man Zhang carefully closed the door after him, then sat down next to the trembling Miss Chen, trying to soothe her with gentle words.

When a terrible woman like Miss Chen experiences such thing as extreme emotions, and especially after taking a beating, she became particularly vulnerable.

I couldn’t hear the words of comfort Old man Zhang was saying; I could only guess he was trying to explain himself. However, Miss Chen didn’t nod or shake her head; she only continued to tear up.

I didn’t do what I did before, getting in the way of the returning naked Bo Yan, you know, to thoroughly humiliate him.

Because.

Guo Li was already standing in the hallway, like a scarecrow slowly fading away from reality.

“Fuck! Stupid fag! Bo Yan shouted angrily while dashing towards Guo Li standing in the middle of the hallway on the third floor with the speed of a runner.

“Hold on...” Guo Li stopped Bo Yan in his tracks, looking at him like a lost puppy.

Bo Yan had shamed himself twice already in front of Guo Li. Even now he didn’t know which one of the two, Guo Li or Ling Hu, raped him from behind. Or



perhaps both of them did. The nasty mix of shame and anger made Bo Yan lash out in anger as he punched Guo Li hard in the face.

“Fuck you, stupid fag,” he scowled.

In the midst of the chaos, Guo Li didn't see the attack, a punch at point blank range, coming. So he ended up taking the full brunt of Bo Yan's fury. Blood gushed out from his nose and some even splashed over Bo Yan's face.

“Bo Yan...I...need to know, Ling Hu...” Guo Li clearly didn't have patience or the time; he just stared at Bo Yan and continued. “Where is he?”

The question only served to further irritate Bo Yan.

“Who the fuck cares?! Get out of my way,” he shouted back, filled with inconceivable notion.

“I know it is you. Ling Hu gave you his keys,” Guo Li dropped to his knees, holding on to Bo Yan's leg. “Right? Tell me, please! It has to be, there's no other way...”

From his height, Bo Yan threw another hook which landed square on Guo Li's head. Yet, completely unruffled, Guo Li continued to ask.

“We can talk about it like gentlemen. Since you did what you did, you must have prepared the demands for the exchange, right? Tell me. What do you want?”

The manifestation of Bo Yan's terrible mental scar kept holding onto his leg like that, had added another layer of angst to his mixture of anger. All I saw was a pair of fists terrified of the filth that he had become, continuously and unrelentingly battering Guo Li. But Guo Li assumed it was the natural outburst of a lover's death and he took it willingly. He had no intention of letting Bo Yan go.

“Take me to see him, please? I just want him back. I will do anything you ask...” Guo Li begged and cried; Even Bo Yan was confused.

It was time.

I opened the door and began my walk down the stairs.

“Huh?!” I pretended to be surprised.

Bo Yan turned his anxious gaze towards me; even Guo Li regained some of his senses and let Bo Yan go.

“Can you guys not do that here?” I showed my dismay. “People come through all the time...can’t you do it in your room?”

“Fuck off! Stupid fuck!” Bo Yan angrily kicked Guo Li away, and ran past me to the stairway above.

Seeing Guo Li still collapsed on the floor, I sighed.

His clothes were torn and his face was a mess; I could smell the stink of urine everywhere.

Guo Li watched me with his pair of soulless eyes; he seemed to be at a loss for words.

He was close to collapse, mentally. The only thought in his mind was probably “What is Bo Yan up to? How can I get him to let me go?” or something similar.

“Being rejected hurts,” I sighed as I lifted him back on his feet, “but it’s not the worst thing in the world. It’ll pass, I’m sure.”

Guo Li kept on nodding senselessly.

I shook my head and said: “Take care of yourself; there is nothing that you can’t survive.”

Guo Li closed his eyes, telling me to let him be.

So I turned away with a wicked smile on my face.

I knew that when I got back to my screens, I would have many more strange midnight movies waiting for me that night.

After two nights of continuous and unexplainable soul-crushing defeat, his inner terror and anguish had become the force with which he slammed the door.

Bang!

Exhausted, he fell back against the door as he slowly slid down to a sitting position...

There, he sat quietly, like a naked sheep with the wool sheared from him.

Under the cover of his loose black hair, his hands scratched his head in agony and defeat.

Everything had long exceeded his imagination; he had lost control. The magical shadow of the fourth dimension had swept away all his senses.

“Fuck! Fuuuuuuuck!” Bo Yan burst out in tears, and curses continued to pour from his mouth.

And then...

He leapt onto his feet, screaming.

His point of view quickly switched to the pale but muscular arm protruding from underneath the bed.

Instantly, his lonely and fragile self transformed yet again, turning all the emotions bubbling inside of him into an armor of fury.

An armor full of spikes.

He got up to his feet, shouting: “Stupid faggot! Get the fuck out!”

Ling Hu, of course, couldn’t have come out.

Dead bodies would always be the best mime actors out there.

“I told you to get the fuck out!”

Bo Yan shouted even louder as he leapt forward, pulling Ling Hu’s exposed arm from under the bed.

Pull!

His brows came together for a split second only to fall apart a moment later.

“Woah!”

Bo Yan’s scream continued on for several seconds before he threw up all over the floor!

Ling Hu’s upper body lay sideways on the floor, staring at the ceiling, eyes-wide.

Sometime and somehow, a fly had landed on Ling Hu’s colourless eyeball. Through the reflection of the blade still stuck in Ling Hu’s chest, I saw how badly Bo Yan was throwing up.

“How...” Bo Yan could barely stand; he wanted to speak but his throat kept being choked by the nasty liquid coming back up.

What could he be thinking right now?

Was he wondering when his other self could have killed Ling Hu?

Did he finally make sense of Guo Li’s almost maddening plea earlier?

Did Guo Li witness his other self do something unspeakable?

No longer having the strength to stand straight, Bo Yan fell to his knees.

His face was chalk white.

The last few times he had lost control of his body had only led to awkward, violent, or even humiliating situations. But this time, he had really fucked up.

He killed someone.

Knock Knock! Knock Knock!

Guo Li hammered at Bo Yan’s door.

As a well educated man, he naturally wouldn’t have believed in ghosts. Therefore his logical mind naturally pointed him at Ling Hu’s lover, Bo Yan.

Only he could have had Ling Hu’s house key.

Staring at the door, both the look of an innocent man and a scared criminal, two entirely contradicting expressions appeared on Bo Yan's face at the same time. Bo Yan was totally not prepared for this, even less knowing what to do. He was the complete opposite of Guo Li who had already prepared to meet the demands.

"Fuck! What the fuck do you want?!" Bo Yan shouted over the door, his disheartened voice trembling slightly.

"Bo Yan, can you please open the door? We can talk about this. I'm begging you! I'll do anything you ask!" Guo Li had already given up; he was on the verge of tears.

Guo Li had to be extremely optimistic that it could work out, it was the only reason he kept trying to reason with Bo Yan.

"And he was right, if Bo Yan really wanted you dead, he would have called the cops already. The only reason he took Ling Hu's body was because he wanted something from you. If he wanted something, then you were pretty much safe. You just had to beg with everything you had. It was a necessity," I cleverly commented the situation.

"Shut up! I don't know what you are talking about!" Bo Yan had regained some of his bearings. "Keep denying" seemed to be his current strategy.

When a person of interest started to make a scene outside the door, it could very easily make the idiot who thought he had just killed someone lose his shit.

Bo Yan was like that.

But I wasn't sure if Bo Yan would come up with any clever ideas even if I had given him a whole day to think about the situation.

"I know everything. I'm begging you, just talk to me. I mean the whole thing started because you were having an affair with him, and I... I will wait for you outside!" Guo Li began to realize the volume of his voice could have alerted Ying Ru living across the hallway, (He didn't know Ying Ru had yet to return from her

night out.) and shut his stupid mouth up. He seemed calmer as well.

Bo Yan clenched his teeth, and then slapped both of his cheeks.

Still naked, he got back up and shoved the ice-cold Ling Hu firmly back under the bed, then moved a bunch of shoe boxes and other random objects around, blocking in front of Ling Hu's body: the perfect cover.

Still not satisfied, Bo Yan grabbed a dozen tissues and wiped the floor clean of the nasty liquid. He then walked to the bathroom and began washing his hands. He had wept for as long as he washed, and he cried like a girl.

Guo Li on the other hand, sat motionlessly in front of Bo Yan's door. His body smelled, and looked even worse than an already decayed corpse.

Yesterday, Guo Li had killed the one he loved the most; he had killed his conscience.

And today, Guo Li had lost his soul.

One body, and two killers. Well, if not counting me.

The game had just begun.

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# Chapter 11 – Chaotic Setting Part II

# Chapter 11 – Chaotic Setting Part III



# Chapter 12 – Part I